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THE result of the general election in Japan will, no doubt, hearten the militarists in the pursuit of their aims in China. But the thumping majority won by the Seiyukai, the Government Party, is not purely a "war majority." Domestic issues played a large part in it. The late Government, the Minseito, were responsible for several unpopular measures, particularly the reduction of wages and salaries of a large number of public employees. Japan's finances are in a shaky condition, and the Seiyukai, like our own National Government, won many votes by its promises to improve trade. Nevertheless, the Government may prove to be much less solid than it looks. There is a move on foot, it is believed, for the formation of a more concentrated "National Cabinet" to handle the Chinese business. If that succeeds, we may expect new presbyter to be old priest writ large.

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Meanwhile, there has been a lull in the fighting at Shanghai, and there is no secret about its cause. Chinese troops have not only shown courage and discipline, but they have a great superiority in numbers. They are not likely to enjoy that advantage for long; Japan is already preparing to send heavy reinforcements. She is far too deeply committed to warrant the hope that this check may be the prelude to the calling off of her adventure. She will only call it off under pressure from the League and the United States. And unfortunately she can see how weak is the will to apply that pressure. The measure of her contempt for the professed champions of the Covenant is revealed once more in her reply to the latest protest of the League Council and in Mr. Sato's speech before the Council. Mr. Sato in effect admitted that Japan had infringed the Covenant and the Kellogg Pact. The excuse is that Japan cannot recognise China as an "organised people," and is therefore justified in violating her pledges. If such a right of private judgment is to be admitted Geneva may as well put up its shutters. With a little extension of the doctrine, we might see half the South American Republics disqualified from membership of the League on account of their propensity to revolutions. And what about France, where they have just had another free fight in the Chamber of Deputies?

* * *

In view of this situation Sir John Simon's "open mind" speech in the House of Commons on Monday was the very nadir of statesmanship. Everyone knows that Japan is an aggressor, and to argue that the matter is still *sub judice*, that we must not prejudice the issue or say nasty things about the bombing of Shanghai, is just to play the Japanese game of postponement until a *fait accompli* is established in Shanghai as firmly as in Manchuria. Sir John Simon cannot really be bam-

boozled by these Japanese pretences. He may have good reasons for rejecting the demand for a policy of gradually applied economic sanctions put forward by the League of Nations Union and now strongly endorsed by the National Joint Council, which represents the Labour Party in and out of Parliament and the Trade Union Council. But if so, he should tell us what they are. Would it not be more honest to say that he regards any attempt to carry out our covenanted obligations as too difficult and too dangerous and that he is therefore in favour of disregarding them? That would be intelligible and even, now that the Council has let things drift so far, perhaps defensible. But we have really had enough humbug.

* * *

The new French Cabinet contains some surprises. But as regards its general policy, especially abroad, it will hardly be distinguishable from its predecessor. M. Tardieu leaves the War Office and couples the Ministry of Foreign Affairs with the Premiership. He has gone off to Geneva again to resume his defence of the French thesis of "Security for all, but especially France." M. Laval comes down to his old post of Minister of Labour—a comparatively humble post, but becoming more important with the growth of the unemployment problem. The new departure in the shape of a single Ministry of Defence is strongly criticised on the Left, as well as by champions of the services, who object to being combined. The Minister, M. Piétri, is expected to be in the pocket of the General Staff. M. Tardieu got his vote of confidence on Tuesday, but no enthusiasm was shown except on the Right. His term of office will in any event be a short one. The general election cannot be later than May, and it may be in April if the Budget goes through before Easter. The Electoral Reform Bill, which upset M. Laval's apple-cart, will presumably be dropped, and the way should then be clear for a victory of the Socialists and Radicals and for saner policies in Europe.

* * *

The general election in the Irish Free State has gone well for Mr. De Valera, but not quite well enough to give him a clear majority over all parties. He has 68 seats to Mr. Cosgrave's 53, out of a total of 145 so far filled—there are several results to come from Sligo-Leitrim, of which he should get three or four. Fianna Fail will thus be the largest party in the Dail; but in order to carry on the government it will have to depend on Labour, which holds seven seats. Mr. Cosgrave's party is not going to be obliging. If reports as to the price Labour will demand for its support prove to be true, Mr. De Valera will not like it. He is for abolishing the Oath of Allegiance and refusing payment of the land purchase annuities; Labour is against him on both points. Nor do the Labour members see eye to eye with him in the matter of tariffs. They are not dyed-in-the-wool Free Traders; but they do not include a rise in the cost of living among the social reforms dear to their hearts. It seems then that, if Mr. De Valera wants to enjoy the substance of power, he may have to swallow the oath. He has done it before—and without much damage to himself or to Ireland, so far as we know.

Efforts made by certain parties to get the Disarmament Conference adjourned *sine die* have been foiled; it is decided that it shall carry on, with only a fortnight's holiday from March 19th to April 3rd. The views and proposals of all the delegations have been tabled, the latest being those of Guatemala, Venezuela, Bolivia and Colombia. These, we hope we may say without disrespect, are not of first-rate importance. What is all important now is the real intention of the Great Powers. The Russians ask for total disarmament. But this they know will be scouted, and they therefore urge—with a sincerity that there is no reason to doubt—the next best thing, "proportional and progressive reduction of armaments." That is the sound and sensible proposition to which the Conference ought to address itself. But will it? The reluctance of the French and some of their friends is notorious. The British Government is a little more oncoming, but we have yet to see whether it is prepared to go beyond certain limitations and some prohibitions of barbarous (or should we say super-civilised?) forms of warfare. If the French and ourselves and the Americans (not to mention the Japanese) are going to blow cold on all substantial measures of disarmament, the heat of Italy, Germany, Russia and the rest will only be hot air.

* * *

The Protectionists struck a successful blow for Free Trade on Tuesday, when they compelled the Government to give up its intention of taxing foreign maize. Maize is of great importance as a feeding-stuff in this country. Most of it comes from outside the Empire, the Argentine being by far the greatest source of supply. The agricultural protectionists demanded a tax on foreign meat—which the Government retains enough common sense to refuse for the present—and no tax on maize, on the ground that the free entry of maize is essential to put the English stock-farmer on an equality with his foreign rivals. On this latter point we agree with them; but to how many of the imported materials that are to be taxed does not the same argument apply? The agriculturists have set the dangerous precedent of introducing rational argument into the tariff controversy. The first result is a reaffirmation of a number of free trade principles. The respite may be only temporary; for Mr. Thomas assured the House of Commons that the Ottawa Conference would be free to suggest taxes on goods which are exempted under the present Bill. But in the case of foodstuffs and raw materials, the chances are that the tide will flow during the next few months in favour of more exemptions rather than of additional duties. In their anxiety for cheap raw materials the manufacturers are already producing all the Free Trade arguments. When they begin to find out what the new duties really involve the fun will begin.

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The extraordinary complications of the Wheat Quota Bill which has just come to hand seem mainly due to a desire to avoid the charge that the Quota is "Socialistic." The Bill has suffered a complete change since its first outlines. At first glance a host of questions arise. 45s. a quarter, even though a lower figure than some of Sir John Gilmour's more difficult supporters have favoured, seems very high in relation to world

prices to-day. It was one of the figures discussed two years ago at the Imperial Conference. Then there is a very complex problem involved in dealing with the different qualities of wheat. Most important of all is the question, who pays? The total value of the subsidy is calculated at about £6,000,000. How far will it in practice be borne by the millers, by the consumer, or by the State? Finally the scheme has to be completed by a Dominion quota—to which the English millers have always had strong objections. We are in for a lot of argument about quotas. For the Government talk about a bacon quota, a milk-products quota, a potato quota, and finally, as Mr. Chamberlain admitted in the House on Tuesday, a meat quota.

* * *

The opposition which has arisen to the Town and Country Planning Bill in Committee is surprising, considering that a large part of the measure embodies proposals first sponsored in the House of Commons by the present Conservative Minister in a private Bill, together with powers to apply planning schemes to the reconstruction of built-up areas, long advocated by Mr. Neville Chamberlain. The fact that a Labour Minister introduced a useful Bill dealing with these subjects seems a poor reason, even for most Tory Member supporters of the National Government, for opposing the measure. The proposals were discussed with the various interests before the Bill was introduced. The clauses were again thoroughly examined in a long Committee stage in the last Parliament, and the Bill emerged from the House of Commons Committee in an agreed form. Property interests are amply safeguarded. The Bill facilitates effective slum clearance by making planning schemes applicable to built-up areas. By improving the machinery for regional planning schemes it will serve to protect rural amenities, to check sporadic building and ribbon development. It will help to promote better co-ordination of industrial, commercial and residential development and the preservation of open spaces for playing fields. Why should such proposals be obstructed? Is it simply that the love of haphazard muddling at any cost is still firmly entrenched in Conservative minds?

* * *

The Tory Members of the House of Commons, encouraged by their protectionist successes, are now in full cry for the termination of our trade agreement with Russia. The Trade and Industry Committee in the House has passed a resolution urging the Government to bring it at once to an end. Yet presumably the coming of protection—wheat quota and all—has removed the principal arguments by which the anti-Russian fanatics used to buttress up their case. British farmers and importers of Empire timber are to be protected against the horrors of Russian "dumping"; and there will even be power under the new measure to impose discriminating duties. What more can the most ardent protectionist want? What most of them do want, of course, is a boycott of Russia, not on economic, but on political grounds. They are frightened at the progress made with the Five Year Plan, and quite prepared to damage British trade if therewith they can inflict damage on the country which is attempting to solve its economic problems on Socialist lines. Luckily, there are quite a number of British firms which can very ill afford to stop trading with the Soviet Union. It is to be hoped their influence will be strong enough to prevent a repetition of the folly of seven years ago.

* * *

The London underground railways, as well as the tramway and omnibus undertakings in both London and the provinces, are now making a concerted move for wage reductions. There are persistent rumours that the main line railway companies, not content with the reductions made last year, are intending to ask for more. In the case of the underground railways, discussions were started this week, on the basis of drastic claims put forward by the company. These have been rejected out of hand by the railway Trade Unions, which deny that a case has been made out for them on the basis of the published figures of costs and receipts. This is only the first stage, and the traffic combine will probably come back with modified proposals, about which the Unions will at least be prepared to enter into negotiations. The railwaymen are among the groups of workers who have improved most of their pre-war positions, which were deplorably bad. They would certainly resist any attempt to assess their present wages by reference to pre-war standards. But of late years both the main line railways and the London traffic combine have usually seen the value of being on good terms with their staffs. There is, therefore, reason to hope that the present break-down of negotiations will not involve a crisis.

* * *

There have been a number of clashes this week between unemployed demonstrators and the police, not only in London, but also at Bristol, Bolton and Stockton and in South Wales. Most of the trouble has arisen over the "means test," and out of attempts by the unemployed to bring pressure to bear on the local public assistance committees. So far none of the disturbances has been serious, though the total number of persons in prison as agitators of one sort or another must have been mounting up fast during the last few months. We are a strangely orderly people, and the amount of disturbance is certainly no indication of the volume of dissatisfaction that exists throughout the industrial districts. It is rumoured that the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance in its next report—which should be ready before long—will recommend that the administration of unemployment benefit shall be taken out of the hands of the public assistance committees, and so reorganised as to ensure greater uniformity of treatment from place to place. In many areas the local authorities have been given an impossible task and would certainly be glad to be rid of it. But to whom is it to be handed over? The truth is that the "means test," with its requirement of separate investigation and adjudication in hundreds of thousands of individual cases, is unworkable without serious injustices, and bound to provoke widespread resentment. Wholesale benefits must be administered in accordance with standard rules, and benefits will have to be wholesale until trade revives.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE JAPANESE WAR

IN a perplexing situation most people in this country are conscious of two certainties. They need no persuading that Japan is, in fact, making war on China, and the weighty argument contributed to our columns this week by one of the leading international lawyers in this country, that Japan is also an "aggressor" from a purely legal point of view, will come to them as no surprise. They are sure that it is disastrous to permit Japan to make war unchecked. But they are also sure that they do not wish to become involved in war themselves, and they fear the consequences of attempting to enforce the obligations of the Covenant. The duty of the good Samaritan, they would argue, was clear enough: he only came on the scene when the robbers had already gone, leaving their victim by the roadside for dead. Would his duty have been equally clear if, as a humane man disbelieving in violence, he had witnessed the assault itself? Does a determination not to fight mean that every injustice must be permitted? Confronted with this dilemma we find many old parts reversed. Pacifists who have supported the League urge the application of sanctions, which might even be regarded as a *casus belli* by the Japanese; imperialists, who hate the whole idea of pooled security but who are usually ready to run the risk of war where purely British interests are involved, make excuses for Japan and try to keep us clear of the whole affair. So we hear of pacifists who have become Jingoes, and imperialists who are Little Englanders.

Is this dilemma real? Is the choice really one between peace and justice? The League was designed to avoid that choice. Because no Power can be trusted to decide by its own light when intervention is justified, because private war is a greater evil than any injustice, the League provides machinery for using overwhelming economic pressure to coerce the state which violates the Covenant. If, in this instance, the Powers which compose the League Council had shown a united front against Japan when she began her imperialist conquest of Manchuria, there would have been no war and no bombardment of Shanghai. Having called Geneva's bluff Japan felt safe in commencing operations at Shanghai. Even to-day, if the League Powers would co-operate with the United States in bringing economic pressure to bear upon Japan, she would be forced to give way. People are curiously ignorant in this matter. It is not a question of making war. The first step is openly and honestly to denounce Japan as a treaty-breaker and aggressor. That alone would emphasise Japan's sense of moral isolation, and Japan is, in spite of her bluff, singularly sensitive to world opinion. A second step would be to refuse her financial facilities, and to lay an embargo on the export of arms and munitions to Japan. A third, which in Japan's peculiar economic position would certainly prove effective, would be to cut off her export trade, by refusing to admit her ships into foreign harbours. The mere threat to Japan's silk trade with America, on which her economic life is dependent, would in all probability be quite sufficient to bring her to terms.

Against this plain course a variety of arguments are urged. First, it is said that the United States would not co-operate. On the contrary, we have good reason to believe that American opinion is in advance of our own on this subject, that our Government is considered weak and shifty—our refusal to support the strong Stimson note of January 7th was considered proof of our lack of sincerity—and that the United States, which has direct interests in the Pacific, and therefore more to fear than any other Western Power from Japan's depredations, would very willingly co-operate with the League. It is, of course, true that without the United States no economic sanctions are worth considering. But all the evidence at present suggests that the British Government is putting forward an alleged hesitation on the part of the United States as an excuse for its own inaction.

Secondly, some people suggest that Japan would reply to any effort to apply economic pressure to Japan by seizing Shanghai, Hong Kong and Singapore. This is to accept the Japanese bluff at face value. But, granted that there is a risk of Japan running amok in the Pacific, is it as great a risk as that involved in inaction? If Japan succeeds in Shanghai as she has been permitted to in Manchuria, Japanese militarism will be completely dominant in the East. We shall have to face the wholesale loss of Chinese markets. Is such a position likely to remain stable? And on the next occasion of friction, there will be no question of united League action, but only the old situation in which every effort will be made to rouse imperialism in England and in America against Japan on the grounds that she threatens our trade, our treaty rights, or our Empire. War in the not very remote future is a terribly likely consequence of refusing to accept our immediate duty of united police action under the Covenant. There is a risk in either case.

If we prefer the less immediate risk let us openly abandon the pretence of the League. The present prospect is that our statesmen will discuss and dither until the Japanese have bitten off as much of China as they can swallow for the moment. Then, no doubt, Japan graciously will be willing to accept mediation from Geneva. Mediation, could only mean that the Japanese would keep most of what they have got and all that they really wanted. Honest adherents of the League idea would then say that, the notion of pooled security having failed, the only right course would be to refuse to recognise Japan's *de facto* conquests. In that way they would at least save themselves from hypocrisy and muddleheadedness. That is not the course that is likely to commend itself to the statesmen of the world. Having permitted Japan to put them off on one pretext after another at Geneva they will not be inclined to admit that they have been wrong. If they find legal excuses for Japan now, if they listen to such a plea as that Japan is justified in revenging a press insult to the sacred person of the Emperor by bombing defenceless Chinese citizens, they are unlikely to boggle at the pretence of a settlement based on Japanese conquests. The Japanese adventure will be blessed with sanctimonious phrases. Everyone will know that the League will merely have been used as an instrument for the old diplomacy. The elaborate effort to make disarmament

possible by giving the nations the guarantee of the League will be over. Every nation from motives of self-defence will necessarily return to the old system of private alliances: every nation will pile up all the armaments it can afford. The League will be a self-confessed fraud. Tried once, it will have had no effect except to show that any powerful nation can make war under the ægis of the League provided that it avoids actually declaring war. Japan will be its most ardent supporter. Honest men will look elsewhere.

THE LABOUR PARTY AND THE FUTURE

A REPLY TO MR. ELTON

FIRST, let us be quite clear—there is no such thing as a national Labour Party other than that which forms the Opposition in the present House of Commons and has its headquarters at Transport House. Mr. Elton speaks for a mere handful of men who chose to break away from the movement, and whose claim to be a National Labour Party is the most obvious of pretences. Lord Snowden, who makes such a virtue of being candid—Lady Snowden informs us that he abominates "humbug"—has made this perfectly clear; only last week in the House of Lords he said that he had no party. Readers of Mr. Elton's history of the Labour Movement will remember his very insecure hold on the nature and constitution of the movement. Keir Hardie's leading idea was certainly not national unity, but the fundamental character of the alliance between the Trade Unions and the political Party—two aspects of the same body, organised Labour—as the basis upon which to bring about Socialism.

These people start with a misconception of the character of the movement. It is simply untrue to regard it as having developed from a sort of national Socialism to what Mr. Elton calls "sectional Labourism": the latter is what it has developed from, rather than what it leads to. And this gives rise to an entirely mistaken view of the role of the Trade Unions in relation to the movement. The mistrust of the Trade Unions which is revealed in every line of Mr. Elton's article is the measure of his disqualification for understanding their place in politics. What is remarkable is that, having been driven into politics by the disabilities of their position in society, they have gone on to develop a more and more constructive attitude towards the problems of society as a whole. It has been a slow process, by no means complete; but it is the most fundamental change in modern English politics. Its effect was plainly discernible at the time of the crisis, when it was the Trade Union executive which was the only body to offer a constructive policy alternative to that which the political leaders of the Party were prepared to accept at the hands of Capitalism; and it was a Trade Unionist, Arthur Henderson, who rallied the movement to its true sense of direction. But in other ways, too, the emergence of the Trade Unions into constructive politics has been evident in the last few years. You may take the Memorandum of the T.U.C. on Empire Trade, before the last Imperial Conference, or their open-mindedness whether a tariff might not be necessary if we were to stay on the gold standard, and compare it with the fatal attitude of Snowden, vetoing everything until at last (thank God!) he vetoed himself. Or consider the scheme put forward by the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation for the re-organisation of those industries; or the constructiveness of Bevin's mind as to financial and credit policy, or in the formation of that promising movement, the Society for Socialist Inquiry and Propaganda, which is fast becoming the training ground for the Socialists of the next generation. Where the Eltons have some small ground of complaint is that there remains too much sectionalism; but it is futile to translate this into a suspicion of the whole place of the Trade Unions in politics. As they move forward to a more active part—and they are going to become more concerned with politics in the future, not less—so they will take a more general view.

But this need not mean that the Party will lose its chance of attracting the professional and technical classes, with which Mr. Elton is so much concerned. Granted that we must get them over to our side; yet it would be fatal to give up the real basis of our support—and the meaning of its existence as a party, for the *beaux yeux* of the middle class. That would be the most effective way of putting yourself into a permanent minority, for it would split the movement. Nothing that has happened in the crisis or the election has altered the basis of the Party's appeal to these classes; it remains that of the old formula, "the workers either by hand or brain." And we can well afford to wait for it to come home to them that their future is with the Labour movement. It is not so very intelligent of large sections of them not to have seen that already; but there are other sections, and among them the most highly trained, like Civil Service workers, who are among the most radical elements in the movement. We can confidently look to a large shifting of opinion throughout these classes as the slowing down and inadequacy of the existing system becomes sufficiently obvious. The longer Labour keeps out of office, the more obvious it becomes, and the more clearly the responsibility can be attached to where it rightly belongs—to the governing classes—for the breakdown of their system. If there had been no Labour Government in 1929, think how irresistibly the inadequacy of the present system would have been brought home to the people; the Capitalist conduct of their own system would have lost them every grain of confidence, not only among the working people, but among the technicians and the professional classes as well. I fancy Mr. Elton would not disagree with this; he speaks romantically of the vessel crashing. But anybody would think it was the Labour movement that was responsible for the crash, and not world capitalism for its own failure!

The point of difference between us—and it is the issue between MacDonald and the movement—is clear. Which is it that the Labour movement exists to do: to carry on a decadent system with complete respectability, "expiring," as Swift says, "with every sort of good symptom"? Or does it exist to bring home the failure of that system to all classes of people and, taking advantage of its failure, to take over and create a new? That is the whole meaning of the choice between national unity and Socialism; it is a piece of rank hypocrisy, that is offensive and tasteless into the bargain, to insist that when MacDonald chose, he chose for the nation *and* Socialism.

For the two are by no means co-terminous. It is significant that in Mr. Elton's article there is not a word of the international importance of the working class movement, no sign that Socialism has anything to do with what is happening beyond the frontiers of the nation. The very notion of a "national Socialism" is made antiquated by events; for even the paralysis of Capitalism is a world-wide affair, and does not stop short with one nation or another. We must keep the unity of the Labour Party because, with all its shortcomings, it is in this country the political instrument of the working class and, in the end, of all the workers. We have seen that the fact that it is predominantly working class does not and will not exclude other classes from throwing in their lot with us. And, indeed, events will force them, sooner than either we or they know, into alliance with the movement. So far from the Party desiring to exclude them, it is notorious that it welcomes them with open arms and gives them generous terms. (Look at its treatment of Mr. Elton and his like! Only the mistake

these people make is that they come into the movement thinking to lay down the law to it, which is an entire misapprehension: they come into it accepting its assumptions, to make themselves reasoned instruments of its will. When you join the Catholic Church, you do not do so in order to contribute the interesting and variegated notions you may hold about the Deity to it, but to accept the terms it lays down and then make your contribution to the working out of its purposes.) And the most significant purpose of the working class movement in all countries is that only on its foundation is there any lasting chance of avoiding the disasters of a world order in decline. It is evident that the governing classes of the world, with all their technical skill and ability, and with all the resources at their command, are not going to be able to do it; for their interests are too divided and in open conflict. What more humiliating spectacle can there have been for anybody who believed in Capitalism than the spectacle of world history since 1914? Still, Socialists knew that it was in the nature of the beast long before that! It remains the role of the working class movement to transform this, for only on that basis can it come about.

The task is so gigantic, that doubtless it will be prepared to welcome the co-operation of the Eltons—if they are capable of understanding the terms upon which they collaborate. But it is doubtful whether their curious inability to understand them—so typical of the super-rationalist and the intellectual—does not disqualify them from being of much use.

A. L. ROWSE.

A LONDON DIARY

THE fates conspire maliciously with Mr. De Valera's weaknesses. He has something like a genius for getting himself into awkward situations which become more awkward as his love of hair-splitting and his habit of contorting himself into a moral debating society get to work. In his present unhappy state, with only a doubtful majority to support him, he is not likely to be a steady leader. I can well imagine that the members of the delegation he may send to London to negotiate about the annuities and the oath will remember the fate of another delegation which he repudiated from his safe cloud of promises in Dublin. His mental processes are capable of the most extraordinary convolutions, and he must be the most undecided man in Ireland. He will have, nowadays, the advice of Mr. Lemass, who is mentioned as a possible Minister of Commerce, who should help to stabilise his leader. Mr. De Valera will have this advantage over Mr. Cosgrave: he will have an experienced opposition. Mr. Cosgrave was for years, until Mr. De Valera's conscience suddenly permitted him to take the oath, governing in a void, with the result that the drift towards a "law and order" dictatorship became more and more marked. During the election "law and order" was, I gather from a friend in Ireland, in danger of becoming an obsession, and the suggestion broadcast that you could not be a law-abiding citizen and a good Roman Catholic and vote Republican was absurdly overdone. But I think hard times played the leading part in turning the scale against Mr. Cosgrave, and promises of Protection and a gift of £3,000,000 to the small farmer were irresistible bait. In the first connection it has been pointed out that Mr. De Valera owes a debt to the popular protectionist English press which has a large sale in Ireland. Labour has done badly. In two successive elections it has lost highly capable leaders; yet, as far as can be seen at present, it is Labour which will effectively hold Mr. De Valera in. It is the one party which sees through the narrow nationalism which rules the rest of the country and it shrewdly guesses it may get a lot out of Mr. De Valera by worrying him. The course of the electoral campaign was on the whole quiet and orderly. The highest flights of eloquence were reached in Monaghan, where the successful Republican candidate declared that Monaghan had struck a blow at British Imperialism which was then staggering round the country, and when next they struck at it they would knock it down. The best joke seems to be Mr. De Valera as Minister of Finance.

* * *

I see that the shares of Hotchkiss and other armament manufacturers in Paris have soared in the last few weeks. I also notice that Major Colville, Secretary of Overseas Trade, admitted in the House of Commons on February 17th, that the British Government had recently given licences to armament manufacturers in this country to export arms to Japan. He refused either to state which firms they were or to give any opinion about whether the Government ought not to refuse such licences. We are a simple people in many ways: few of us realise that, in a world where everyone professes to be in favour of peace and disarmament, there are really very strong financial interests in every country actively working to defeat any movement for the restriction of arms. French radicals are less simple. They are more used to scandals and more outspoken. No one in France even pretends that the Parisian press is not bribed. The fact that M. De Wendel of the Comité des Forges, on which all the big armament firms are represented, has a controlling interest in the *Journal des Débats* and the *Temps* is notorious, and *La Lumière* has recently given some odd facts about the relations between the Comité des Forges, the Bank of France and the *Temps*. M. Briand would have no difficulty in substantiating his famous *mot* about the journalists who write "with pens made of the same steel that cannons are made of."

* * *

La Lumière refers to the large subscriptions of 25,000 to 100,000 francs given to anti-disarmament propaganda, and remarks that these subscriptions are well worth while in view of the fact that the annual profits from the manufacture of war material in France (excluding indirect beneficiaries such as cement, etc.) amount, at the lowest estimate, to 800 million francs. I hope soon to give some comparable figures about English armaments. As for America, Mr. Charles Beard, one of the most reliable and reputable of living historians, has just written a most illuminating book, entitled *The Navy: Defence or Portent?* It is published by Harpers at 2 dollars. The sources of the book are all accessible in Congressional records and the like. Beard's exposure of the way in which the Navy League, which is supposed to be a responsible body (and which has on its board representatives of all leading interests in the matter of arms manufacture), appointed a man like William B. Shearer as their propagandist without investigating his antecedents is in itself a revelation. I have been wondering in reading some of our own newspapers recently whether we too had our own subtler and less vulnerable Shearers in this country.

* * *

The most devastating thing of all in Beard's book is his quotations from Senatorial examinations of the "experts" put up by the Navy Department of the United States. Not only are they revealed as mere propagandists of a big navy, demanding in some cases that the United States should have a navy large enough to beat any two navies in any part of the world (American Jingoes have learnt a lot from ours), but also they are comically incompetent. What are we to make of Admiral Chase, who defended the claims of the 8-in. gun cruiser while admitting that he had never been to a War College, commanded a fleet, or been to sea on such a cruiser, or seen one at target practice, and who could not give the most elementary information about the thickness of armour on the turrets of these cruisers? I should like to quote the whole chapter, but must content myself with an extract from the cross-examination of Admiral Rock:

MR. MCCLINTIE (the member of Congress examining): How many battleships did we use in the World War?

ADMIRAL ROCK: We were ready to use them all.

MR. MCCLINTIE: Did we fire a single shot from a battleship?

ADMIRAL ROCK: I think you are getting out of the line of my speciality. I am not a seagoing officer. . . .

MR. MCCLINTIE: We could have sent some battleships over there (to European waters).

ADMIRAL ROCK: We did send some.

MR. MCCLINTIE: Battleships?

ADMIRAL ROCK: Yes, sir.

MR. MCCLINTIE: Where were they? Did they participate in any battle?

ADMIRAL ROCK: They were in the Grand Fleet, but whether they were in the Battle of Jutland, I do not remember.

The Battle of Jutland occurred in May, 1916, almost a year before the United States entered the War. CRITIC.

THE GAMEKEEPER

THERE are—so I read somewhere recently—12,000 gamekeepers in Great Britain. How happy a picture of Great Britain do these figures suggest to the imagination. Here is still a country overrun by the ministers of idleness. A country containing 12,000 gamekeepers is necessarily, to some extent, a country of leisure and pleasure. Not yet has every adult citizen been herded into a factory or bound to a desk with but the brief intermission of a holiday. Not yet have we all been turned into miserably useful persons—slaves as soon as we have got through breakfast. I confess I like the thought of a world in which plenty of people have time to kill time. I doubt if they are any happier than those whom circumstances compel to be industrious, but in the liberty of their lives they are the last inheritors of something that in a diviner world was the birthright of gods and heroes.

I should like to be able to feel, when I wake up in the morning, that I am free to spend the day as I choose. How pleasant to know that, if one cared, one could set off for Scotland at the appropriate season for a fortnight's fishing or shooting, and that one would not be missed while one was away! I have no desire to shoot, but I should like to have as much free time on my hands as the people who shoot. As for fishing, I am not enough of a philosopher to be a good angler, but, provided that I was not expected to catch fish, I should be happy enough spending long days amid those beautiful scenes that fishermen make their own. In hunting, again, how excellent the scenery is! I have no great wish to watch the death of a fox or a stag, but I should like to have as much time on my hands as the people who contribute to such things. The life itself might be a little too active for me, but I should rejoice in the freedom from mercenary cares. The truth is, I secretly long to be a sportsman, if it were not for the sport.

The democrat may point out that in these days there is no need of riches to enjoy the life of a sportsman. In England the angler can sit as long as he pleases by the edge of a public pond, and the very pauper can fill his week-ends in the vain endeavour to catch fish that usually are not there. In France again, in the cool of the Sabbath morning, you will see thousands of poor men on their bicycles hurrying with their guns into the country with a fine appetite for killing. It is not sport of the democratic order that attracts me, however. I like sport only in the most expensive surroundings. If I caught a salmon, I should like it to have cost me immensely more than I should have spent for a similar fish at a fishmonger's. If I shot a pheasant, I should prefer to think that it had cost me its weight in gold. It is the vulgar admiration of wealth that chiefly moves me—of wealth that gives leisure and freedom from the servitude to the day's task.

Wealth of this kind, I fear, is coming to the end of its history. The rich man will soon have no more rights than the rest of us. Taxation eats into his inheritance and devours his substance. Already a great part of his money belongs not to himself but to the State. It is becoming more and more difficult to make ends meet on ten thousand pounds a year. It is becoming almost impossible on twenty thousand. Hence, even the fox-hunter is beginning to wear a care-worn expression. The death of a partridge has ceased to be so joyous an event as to make it easy to forget for the moment the increasing inroads of democracy. The stag-hunter is himself hunted by the tax-hunter. The salmon-fisher is himself a poor fish caught upon a hook that there is no avoiding. Sport, in the old sense, has reached its last chapter. The 12,000 gamekeepers will either dwindle in numbers or will become State officials preserving animals for democratic slaughter at the week-ends.

One may believe that the change is inevitable and at the same time feel the pathos of the change. Our descendants, I fancy, will look back not without envy to an age in which a god in human form could possess vast parks and be the private owner of mountains. Possibly, as a result of scientific innovations and an outburst of common sense, leisure will by then have become the universal lot, but can leisure ever yield us its last sweetness if there is no slavish and industrious world with which to contrast it? I am all for the leisure of other people, but I must confess that I am sometimes disturbed by the thought that when everybody is at leisure, not everybody will enjoy being at leisure. Will our leisurely descendants, for example, be able to pass their time as profitably as the rich sportsman of to-day? When hunting, shooting and fishing have become possible for everybody will there be the same zest in hunting, shooting and fishing? I cannot see much fun in killing birds if everybody is killing birds. Killing birds as an aristocratic pastime has much to be said for it; killing birds as a democratic practice seems to me scarcely more sportsmanlike than running a poulterer's shop. I should loathe seeing pheasant-shooting becoming as popular as Association football. Imagine forty thousand men setting-out together to massacre pheasants. In such a world half the population would have to turn gamekeepers in order to provide enough pheasants for the sport of the mob.

Well, there are worse lives than that of the gamekeeper. He, too, lives in Arcadia, a man of leisure, or at least a man associated with leisure. When he rises in the morning, he goes out into the world of the poets. The sun, the sky, the trees, the hills, the birds, the procession of the flowers—they are all his as much as if he were a millionaire. There is just the necessary touch of excitement added to his life, by the possibility that he may meet a poacher or a trespasser. He may also have to preserve his charges from such dangerous enemies as the hawk, the owl, and the weasel. No man was ever more tender-hearted: rather than risk the life of a single pheasant-chick, he will kill every bird and beast of prey within sight. He enjoys all the pleasures of the sportsman, indeed, without paying such enormous sums in taxation. Can it be that the world is really improving if so happy a figure is doomed to vanish? Weasels, no doubt, will be happier, and hawks will be happier, but will men be happier? Knowing nothing whatever about the future of the human race, I cannot answer that question. Y. Y.

AGRICULTURE'S CLEARING HOUSE

TWENTY-SEVEN years have passed since David Lubin, successful business man turned farmer, came from California to Europe in search of an influential supporter for a great idea. The road that led to Rome was long and stony, and when the Eternal City was reached King Victor Emanuel was not in the palace on the Quirinal, but had gone to his shooting-box near Pisa. Thither David Lubin travelled hot-foot, and disregarding all obstacles

gained the coveted audience. In the King's eyes, we are told, he resembled one of the Hebrew prophets; he breathed sincerity, enthusiasm, altruism and conviction as he expounded his plan for the creation of an Agricultural Institute that should serve farmers throughout both hemispheres and through farmers all the peoples of the earth. So soon as the food producers of every nation were working to one end, the substitution of co-operation for competition must ensue, the cause of world peace be strengthened, the gates of the Temple of Janus closed.

The King, deeply interested in agricultural problems, found his imagination fired. Promptly he summoned an International Conference to which all the great Powers and many others sent plenipotentiaries. A meeting was held in Rome on May 28th, 1905; ten days later a Convention had been drawn up, signed and ratified. Victor Emanuel proved a generous patron. He set aside revenues amounting to 300,000 gold lire per annum for the service of the new creation, and the first instalments of this income were used for building the attractive palazzo that stands in the Borghese Gardens near the Piazza del Popolo on city land given by the Mayor of Rome. The King would have added a farm in Tuscany but this was not thought necessary. To-day the International Institute of Agriculture, representing 73 countries and upwards of 90 per cent. of the land surface of the globe, is charged with the duty of collecting agricultural information, statistical, technical and economic, from all parts of the earth and distributing it far and wide and as promptly as possible, employing both telegraph wire and cinematograph when occasion demands. A lengthy series of reports, bulletins and monographs treats world agriculture as a whole, tells us what crops the world produces, and where, how much production is carried on by hand labour machinery, or both, and how economic problems affect agriculturists. Nations contribute on a scale regulated by the class to which they belong, the minimum subscription is about £240 per annum on a gold basis, but to-day many States are in arrears. It follows that a certain restriction is imposed upon the Institute's efforts. On the other hand the technical experts, representing a score of countries, are enthusiasts. The Institute maintains a close association with the International Labour Office, working with it on questions relating to vocational training, workers' accident insurance and co-operation. It keeps in touch so far as may be, which is not far enough, with the League of Nations; if a concrete understanding could be reached it may be that the Institute could carry out the League's agricultural work to the advantage of all.

Much older than the League of Nations, the Institute's authority was unimpaired by the Treaty of Versailles; it is empowered to communicate directly with Governments and in theory is the sole medium through which all International Agricultural Congresses should be organised. Trouble arises when a country forgets the obligations imposed and accepted by the Convention of 1905 and proceeds to act independently. While the Institute is wisely and willingly barred from interference in the private affairs of any affiliated State, it must needs keep in touch with every agricultural development and looks with a pardonably jealous eye upon the Congress or Commission in which it plays no part. Study of the Statistical Year Book, the International Year Book of Agricultural Legislation and of such monthly publications as the Report of Crops and Agricultural Statistics, the Bulletin of Agricultural Science and Practice, the Bulletin of Agricultural Economics and Sociology and the International Bulletin of Plant Protection, to say nothing of various monographs by world experts, is conclusive. It must convince any student of agriculture that the mass of work being done is of considerable moment even though much that should or might be done demands resources that are not available.

The staff numbers about 120. On the clerical side it is largely and inevitably Italian, on the technical side it is 30 per cent. Italian. The library with nearly a quarter of a million volumes is open to interested visitors from any country. Here, or better still in the garden beyond if a work of reference may be borrowed, the student begins to understand something of the nature of the momentous problem that confronts statesmen the world over.

What is the fundamental cause of the world's agricultural crisis, why cannot the hard-worked farmer find prosperity, why is co-operation the only Open Sesame to the goal that all farmers should be seeking from China to Peru? In the words of Mr. Bumble to Mrs. Sowerberry, "it isn't madness, it's meat." In one pregnant sentence Mr. Bumble diagnosed the complaint from which not only Oliver Twist but a whole world is suffering. Look at the picture of world tendencies painted by the experts of the I.I.A. The war altered the world-standard of living. While there was a shortage of all things that had been destroyed, wages were higher and workers preferred meat to bread. The preference persists. The demand for wheat is growing less even while intensive methods and an improvement in the quality of seeds used increase production. In 1929–30 the world grew more wheat than in the previous year and consumed considerably less. For the corn-growing farmer of the prairie countries who sees the crisis only as it concerns himself, the sole remedy is to speed production and reduce cost and in this way surplus accumulates and each succeeding year must bring a diminishing return until mankind receives the blessing (!) of a total failure of crops. The rank and file of the workers who lived in large measure on bread are now turning to meat wherever they can. If we pass from wheat to barley, oats and potatoes, we can discover good reason for reduced demand. The temperance movement diminishes the call for barley and potatoes; in the U.S.A. the Volstead Act has substituted for these bases the stuff sold by the racketeer, drink with which one imagines the farmer has nothing to do outside a "speak-easy." Changes in modern transport and stock feeding affect agricultural prices. The motor lorry has no use for oats, preferring petrol; we do not feed our farm stock in leisurely fashion with milling offals; we have no time to spare. We want to turn our money over in the shortest possible period and consequently rely on concentrated foods. Again, the returns of the great grain-growing countries have been altered adversely by the need for economy in countries that once imported freely. Italy provides an instance to hand. In 1925 Signor Mussolini found that it was necessary to inaugurate a wheat campaign, nearly 20 per cent. of Italy's imports was corn, and the population was increasing at the rate of about 1,000 a day. He set up a permanent Wheat Committee not so much to enlarge the area as to improve the methods of cultivation. He stated his wishes in the usual forthright emphatic fashion; the campaign was carried through with characteristic vigour. In England we read quite a lot about the faults of Fascism and not nearly enough about its strength. To-day the Italian corn returns are larger than ever, the imports less, and the loss to the big producing countries will be felt severely. It is at least likely that there will be a revival of corn production in England and that it will take much longer by reason of millers, master bakers, *et hoc genus omne*. I have tried hard to show that it can be brought about with a reasonable guarantee to farmers and a sensible reduction in the price of the loaf. In poor down-trodden Italy, for example, profiteering in food-stuffs is not permitted; that pernicious privilege is left for us to enjoy.

The last trial that the agricultural areas of the New World are called upon to face is the ripe fruits of their own legislation. Emigrants are no longer welcome, though I read in the *Times* that the three prairie Provinces have an area equal to that of France, Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, and a population of fewer than 2,500,000. So the possible emigrant stays in Central or Near-Eastern Europe and turns small holder, adding his mite to the independence of his home-land.

We see on all sides the changing of the old order and we know that the tendencies of the order destined to succeed must be studied by the world's rulers as well as the agriculturists, if the production of food throughout the world is to bear a reasonable relation to human requirements. The one body competent to collect, collate and distribute the information upon which action must be based is the International Institute of Agriculture in whose library I write this paper. S. L. B.

IS JAPAN AN "AGGRESSOR"?

[FROM A LEGAL CORRESPONDENT.]

HAS Japan, by existing international law, definitely crossed the somewhat shadowy borderline between the observance and the disregard of her obligations under the Covenant of the League of Nations? To use the current terminology, has Japan committed acts of "war" or "aggression" imposing upon the members of the League the duty to have recourse to "sanctions"? The recent events have given rise to the loose assertion that the Covenant is a document so elastic that it cannot be broken, and that it is based on the theory that each of the members of the League is the sole judge of its obligations. There is no justification in law for this view. The Covenant has left it to the judgment of the members of the League to decide ultimately whether a case for coercion has arisen and what action they shall take to repress aggression or unlawful recourse to war, but it has left intact the right of the Council or of the Assembly to find, even through the medium of mere recommendation or advice, whether a member has acted in conformity with his obligations. The League of Nations may be an imperfect organ for collective enforcement of the law, but unlike the Kellogg-Briand Pact, it is endowed with formidable authority for evolving a collective legal judgment on matters affecting the fundamental obligation to preserve the peace to the extent laid down in the Covenant. A legal judgment on this question is altogether independent of the view taken of the actual merits of a dispute between two States. An impartial inquiry may prove that China had, prior to the hostilities in September, 1931, consistently and deliberately disregarded the rights acquired by Japan in valid treaties. But any such finding cannot affect the answer to the question whether Japan has remained loyal to her legal duty to seek redress in accordance with the procedure laid down in the Covenant. Deplorable confusion has been caused by the appeal to suspend judgment—and possible action—until the merits of the dispute between Japan and China have been subjected to impartial investigation.

The principal obligation of the Covenant in regard to the preservation of peace is enshrined in Article 12, which lays down that members of the League agree not to resort to war until three months after the judicial decision or report by the Council. Has Japan acted in accordance with her duty under this Article? It is clear that she has failed to appeal to the various agencies of pacific settlement enumerated in Article 12. But has she resorted to war? She has undoubtedly resorted to acts of force both in Manchuria and Shanghai. But acts of force do not necessarily constitute war; they may be committed as a measure of reprisal or intervention for the protection of nationals. So far, neither China nor Japan has been disposed to declare war or to commit hostilities *animo belligerendi* in the technical sense. Japan has expressly declared that her recent ultimatum was addressed not to the Chinese Government, but to the 19th Chinese Army. The Chinese Government has studiously refrained from announcing that the resistance will be offered *animo belligerendi*. Neither has it declared war or withdrawn its diplomatic representatives from Japan. There have been international lawyers of the authority of Holland and Oppenheim who have expressed the view that a situation like the present one amounts to war in its technical meaning. But the better opinion, to which Dr. McNair has given his authoritative support, seems to be that armed resistance to measures of force short of war does not constitute war so long as the force is not used on either side with the intention of bringing about a formal state of war with all its comprehensive repercussions on belligerents and neutrals. A declaration of war by China or armed resistance by China accompanied by an express manifestation of an intention to bring about a state of war would, it is generally believed, have the retroactive effect of rendering Japan guilty of a violation of the Covenant. For a State resorting to force, in particular on the scale adopted by Japan, runs the risk of the opponent electing to treat such acts of force as war.

But if Japan has not so far committed a formal act of war in disregard of the Covenant, are the acts of force employed by her in conformity with the obligations under that document? The Committee of Jurists appointed by the Council in 1923 for the purpose of elucidating this matter reported that:

> Coercive measures which are not intended to constitute acts of war may or may not be consistent with the provisions of Articles 12 to 15 of the Covenant, and it is for the Council, when the dispute has been submitted to it, to decide immediately, having due regard to all the circumstances of the case and to the nature of the measures adopted, whether it should recommend the maintenance or the withdrawal of such measures.

On the 22nd October, 1931, the Council, by a unanimous vote less the votes of the parties to the dispute, adopted a resolution calling "upon the Japanese Government to begin immediately and to proceed progressively with the withdrawal of its troops into the railway zone, so that the total withdrawal may be effected before the date fixed for the next meeting of the Council." It is submitted that this resolution constituted, by necessary implication, a finding that the maintenance of the Japanese occupation of Manchuria would not be in accordance with the Covenant. The failure of Japan to comply with this legal finding renders both her original action and its continuance inconsistent with the Covenant. It may be admitted that there is no obligation to comply with a recommendation of the Council, but there is a duty not to violate Article 12 as the result of recourse to force held to be inconsistent with the Covenant.

Did the resolution of the Council constitute a legally valid expression of opinion seeing that it was not assented to by Japan? The matter is a controversial one, but it is submitted that in so far as it contained a judicial finding as to the conformity of the Japanese action with the Covenant, it constituted the exercise of a judicial function to which we must apply the general principle of law and interpretation that no one is judge in his own cause. In the present case, the application of this principle means that the concurrence of Japan was not necessary for the legal validity of a vote disapproving her attitude. That this general rule of law applies to cases other than those expressly stated in the Covenant has been affirmed by the Permanent Court of International Justice in the 12th Advisory Opinion concerning the Iraq boundary. It has been put forward as the principal conclusion in an important essay on unanimity in the League by an international lawyer of the authority of Sir John Fischer Williams. The Council's resolution of 22nd October, although having no binding effect as a recommendation, constituted a legally valid opinion to the effect that, without there being technically a state of war, Japan's action if persisted in must be regarded as contrary to the Covenant. The same applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the appeal by the Council of 17th February referring specifically to Article 10 of the Covenant, in which members of the League agree to preserve and guarantee their territorial integrity and existing political independence. By referring to this Article the Council seems to have rejected the view, current among a number of international lawyers, that the aggression and the guarantee under this Article do not arise as the result of mere invasion, but only at a later stage when the victorious invader in an imposed treaty seeks to deprive a State of its territorial integrity or political independence. Also in the Greco-Bulgarian dispute in 1925 the Council adopted the view that Article 10 is applicable even in the initial stages of the invasion.

It appears from what has been said that by her action Japan has placed herself in opposition to the two crucial Articles of the Covenant aiming at securing the pacific settlement of disputes between the members of the League. There has been so far no disposition among the members of the Council to endow their judicial findings under Articles 10 and 11 with the authority of legal pronouncements upon which action for upholding the Covenant must follow with fatal necessity. The Council regarded its resolution of 22nd October as endowed merely with moral force; its findings of 17th February were cloaked in the garb of an "appeal" by twelve members of the Council. But it may be doubted whether this attitude of the Council is legally as relevant as it appears at first sight. The Covenant has left with the individual States the right to decide in the last resort whether a breach of law has been committed and what action is to be taken in consequence. In this task the members of the League have been substantially aided by the judicial findings of the Council.

CROCODILE TEARS

THE crocodile, so we have always believed,
By the fate of his victims was piously grieved,
And even while licking his chops as he ate of them,
Shed salt, bitter tears at the pitiful fate of them.

Hence journalists, speaking to sensitive ears,
Found a casual allusion to " crocodile tears "
Was a tactful device to discredit a minister—
When wrapped in a metaphor, truth sounds less sinister.

When the Japanese Government deeply deplored
That peaceful persuasion meant drawing the sword;
When the Council explained their inaction by pleading
That only a battle, not " war," was proceeding;

When Simon lamented the slaughter must go on
Till we knew—what we all know already, and so on—
Did we crudely and rudely cry out, " insincere " ?
No! we splashed on our pages a crocodile's tear.

But it seems we were wrong: the Creator has planned
That peculiar beast's lachrymatory gland
To aid his digestion, not moisten his eyes,
So the crocodile, science asserts, never cries.

In future, whate'er the apologist's rank,
We shall have, it appears, to be brutally frank,
Since the animal world gives enlightened democracy
No suitable symbol for human hypocrisy.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

CHINA AND JAPAN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent is puzzled because " China was once the best governed and most peaceful country in the world. No one knew how it was done. . . . To-day there is no law or order in China." May I offer a few observations?

From time immemorial China has been ruled by local government under " city fathers." The tradition and customs of years, a homogeneous outlook, strongly Confucian in colour, limited the despotic rule of the Emperor at every point. Every Chinese pupil who went to the village schools had to learn by heart all the writings of Confucius and his disciples, so that by the time he arrived at puberty " the law was written in his heart." This oral tradition was passed on even to the illiterate, and thus every one thought alike. The State was a family writ large and all that anyone who wanted to rule had to do was either to grow old or else to pass a searching examination at the Imperial University. Office was thus open to anyone provided he possessed a hoary head or a " classical mind." Further, in a country where ethics was the principal regulator of human conduct, arbitration the general consequence of disagreement, statutory law took a second place in the encouragement of good and the discouragement of evil. A common method of local government was unconsciously secured because all the city fathers were drilled in the " sweet reasonableness " of Confucius. There was government in China so long as the local government was efficient.

The impact of the West on that loose and time-honoured system was fatal. Our present troubles arise out of the need of readjustment. While in England some two hundred years separated the " intellectual " and industrial revolutions, in China we are witnessing to-day four simultaneous revolutions—the political, social, cultural and industrial revolutions. For four thousand years China had an Emperor and decided within the memory of this generation to embrace a completely new form of life and government. I leave you, Sir, to imagine our difficulties. Even Japan, with her smaller territories and population, took more than a generation to effect the change. And she made that change much earlier.

Yet China was on the eve of success when Japan launched an undisguised invasion on her. For the past three years or more we have been co-operating with the League of Nations. The Central Government was reasserting control over a " continent " and it was her growing strength (not weakness) which aroused Japanese concern. A weak China would actually be tolerated—but a strong China, never. I do not wish to minimise the curse which some of our war-lords have wrought, but in a period of transition troubles and dislocations are bound to occur. The fact that since the war China has had record trade returns every year, testifies to her growing strength and stability. Our local government is still very strong. In that sense there is good government in China. If left alone, China will soon adapt herself to her new environment.

In the light of this explanation, Japan's far-fetched claim to have transformed barren Manchuria into an oasis can be refuted. It is, in fact, no less easy to prove that Manchuria really shares in the general growth of China, or of the world for that matter. Japan exercises no governmental or administrative functions in Manchuria (except in the small leased area of the Liaotung Peninsula and the narrow strip of the Railway Zone, 480 miles long). Outside, in the vast regions, prosperity has come to Manchuria chiefly through the soya bean. Far from being a help, the presence of the Japanese railway is a constant source of friction and China's " parallel " railway is an attempt to obviate this hindrance. What Japan takes out of Manchuria goes mainly into Japan to benefit the Japanese. Manchuria is well governed because of the administration of the " Young Marshal " and not because of Japanese altruism. Is it believable that Japan is in Manchuria to benefit the Chinese, who represent 97 per cent. of the population? If Japan wants Manchuria, by all means let her have it, but do not give the world the hypocritical impression that she has deserved it.

Finally, Manchuria is *not* suitable for Japan's surplus population. It is too cold for that insular race. Since 1905, Japanese immigrants have not exceeded 200,000, and of this number all but 8,000 live in the Liaotung Peninsula at the extreme southern end of Manchuria. Chinese immigration has numbered millions. Japan's eyes are clearly on warmer lands farther south.

It is becoming obvious to many thoughtful Chinese that just because China is militarily weak (though culturally strong), the " case " is against her. She is now at the parting of the ways. Whether she will become another futile militaristic nation the near future will decide. To one who is brought up at the feet of Confucian teachers, there still reposes the hope that, perhaps, the merits of the case may still receive consideration.

63 Walton Street, Oxford. TZEHSIUNG KUO.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I regret to observe that there is no competent or recognised authority in China for the historical evidence adduced by Mr. H. E. Metcalf in his letter to you on China and Japan. The South Manchuria Railway section of the Chinese Eastern Railway system and Dairen were going concerns before Japan took them over from Russia. Japan merely double-tracked the line with the proceeds of a loan partly floated in London, and built a breakwater and additional wharves, from time to time, at Dairen. There was no soya bean trade worth mentioning until 1909, when the world discovered the bean's usefulness. Mr. Metcalf stated that Dairen (Dalny under Russia) was little more than a " desolate beach " twenty-five years ago (say 1907) whereas it was leased to Russia in 1898 and laid out and completed by 1904. The present Dairen bears very little mark of Japanese handiwork, except for street names, war monuments, and flags.

As for the growth of trade, every other port in China has shown the same rate of increase, Dairen being third to Shanghai and Tientsin for many years past, a fact which can be confirmed from the official Customs Reports. Japanese jurisdiction never extended beyond the Railway Zone, so it cannot account for the " unprecedented immigration " of millions of Chinese to territory far removed from the railway, and (according to Japanese claims) " over-run by banditti." Actually the land was kept peaceful under the stern rule of Chang Tso-lin, for which fact there are numerous authorities and comments prior to Japan's recent occupation and its trail of excuses and justifications.

For Mr. Metcalf to prophesy that Manchuria, without Japanese control, would still be a " barren and bandit-ridden waste," is a begging of the question. Russia and China had jointly set about its development in 1894, and if Japan had not captured it from Russia, it would now be Chinese only, for the Soviet gave up all

territorial claims in 1924. Furthermore, the Chinese have built more railways in Manchuria than the Japanese, which fact is embodied in Japanese protests to the League of Nations.

I might add that the only recognised reliable authority on China's international relations is H. B. Morse.

120 High Street, Tonbridge, Kent. O. D. RASMUSSEN.

A NATIONAL LABOUR PARTY?

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—There is just one point of fact on which I wish Mr. Godfrey Elton would enlighten me, more especially as it is the point on which he, and others who take his view of political possibilities, appear to base their thinking. He alleges that "purely working class support" cannot provide an effective majority in Parliament because "in more than half the constituencies the working class vote represents less than half the electorate."

Where *are* these constituencies—these hundreds of constituencies—in which people who work for wages are in a minority? I should have thought, save in half-a-dozen "business," non-residential areas like the City of London, wage-workers formed the majority of the population everywhere. And if so, why cannot they be organised, politically and/for industrially, *as* wage-workers? Has Mr. Elton some more exclusive definition of "the working class"? J. F. HORRABIN.

72 Gower Street, W.C.1.

WAR GUILT

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—There are many in this country who respond gladly to the note struck by the Archbishop of York at Geneva. To them it seems unfair and unhistoric to lay upon any one nation or group or individual all the responsibility for the Great War. Yet the "Settlements" of 1919 are surely inspired by such a conception, in large measure. Hence much of the harshness of the six more extreme provisions. Do not such provisions stand in the way of the rebuilding of Europe?

Some of us who have given serious attention to these questions ever since the War began feel strongly that we cannot deny the divided character of that war responsibility. We can less and less deny it the more we gain information of enlightenment from State documents of so many other sources. To us it is now a matter of conscience to join our testimony to that, for instance, of Professor Sidney Fay, one of the most competent and fair-minded investigators of the pre-war history: "The verdict of Versailles that Germany and her Allies were responsible for the War, in view of the evidence now available, is historically unsound." (*Origins of the World War*, Vol. II, p. 558.)

Disarmament was imposed on Germany largely because of her alleged sole responsibility. And both the vast Reparations Payments and the cessions of territory have been enforced, in great measure, on the same assumption.

As to this kind of disarmament, where one large part of Europe is stripped to the shirt, while neighbours are armed to the teeth, Signor Mussolini has lately made some pertinent observations. The German people is deeply stirred by the placid continuance of these conditions. And many others are also troubled.

As to Reparations, is it often in history that such a bill has been presented? And does it not look as if the sums already extracted have contributed more towards the financial unsettlement of the world than to the recovery of Europe? Mr. Asquith, among others, long ago warned us of the instability and danger of extreme demands. They were only justified or excused at the time by the doctrine of sole extreme war guilt. The wicked must drain the cup of suffering. In so many ways the post-war history is a repetition of the pre-war tragedy. Once more, secret agreements, military alliances, deep and ever-increasing mistrust, fear, jealousy and resentment, a more and more dangerous competition in armaments. We can see something of the past from the present. Then, as now, there is no one nationalism exclusively to blame. Real disarmament can hardly come except from a better international spirit and atmosphere. And for that better spirit, and in the name of charity, historic truth, and practical wisdom, we appeal against the one-sided condemnation of Germans (with or without their Magyar, Bulgar and Turkish Allies) as the only troublers of the peace.

RAYMOND BEAZLEY.

THE MEANS TEST

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In your article on "The Means Test," the treatment by Public Assistance Committees of applicants for transitional benefit is made a matter of complaint. Is not this to treat the question too narrowly? If the methods of public assistance committees are unduly inquisitorial or oppressive, surely all alike who come under them have a grievance, and the aim should be to humanise the treatment of all. It is not easy to understand why treatment that is held to be intolerable in the case of the insured person who has drawn unemployment benefit until this is exhausted is deemed not to require criticism in the case of the insured person not insured for unemployment benefit. The latter, perhaps a jobbing gardener, would gladly have been insured for unemployment benefit. The State has not conferred on him that privilege. When he is unemployed and in want there is no period of State-subsidised benefit between him and public assistance. Surely then, if any difference is to be made, he is entitled to the greater consideration: unless you adopt the cynical principle "to him that hath shall be given."

Or take the case of an applicant for public assistance who is not an insured person. Let us suppose that he has been a farmer, for farmers have come to want under a system (humorously called free trade) by which the wage they pay is fixed by law, but no legal security is given that their product shall command a price which will pay that wage. Such a man has probably paid for years, out of a dwindling capital, the wages and insurances (but not unemployment insurance) of his employees. But there is no State insurance for him. If, finally, in old age or disablement, he is compelled to seek public assistance, why should he have less consideration than the insured person?

It is, I submit, much to be regretted that in recent years the Labour Party has limited its sympathies to the Lord's Anointed, the insured person, to the neglect of the uninsured poor who are almost as numerous as the insured, and whose need is greater. It is a falling away from their principles, and has, I believe, alienated public sympathy. It is noteworthy that in spite of all the cant talked in the House of Commons about the cruelty of subjecting insured persons to the taint of the poor law, nothing was said about taint where the uninsured were concerned, nor was there any talk of taint in the very large number of cases where insured persons claim poor relief in addition to insurance pensions or benefits. Is it not time to leave off building up special privileges for insured persons, and to turn to the problem of levelling up the unfortunate needy people excluded from State insurance, and to secure that their treatment, together with that of insured persons, under the poor law, shall be standardised, and, where necessary, humanised? EDITH M. D. MARVIN.

THE LESSON OF DARTMOOR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Punishment of the ringleaders of the mutiny at Dartmoor there certainly should be, but the trials have yet to take place. Meanwhile, it appears, some seventy convicts have been kept in solitary confinement *for nearly a month*. They are confined to their cells for 23 hours a day. Is it any wonder that there has been "uproar at Dartmoor"? Solitary confinement is nowadays considered a punishment of great severity, even for a day at a time. But to keep men in solitude for nearly a month seems to exceed the limits of humane treatment, and probably those of sanity.

Now we read that the convicts in their cells are told that, if they do not behave, some additional punishment will be meted out to them; but they go on shouting and making other noises. It is time that somebody else—surely not unduly sentimental—should also make a noise about it. B. A. LEVINSON.

199 Piccadilly, W.1.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In a letter under the above heading, your correspondent, Cicely M. Craven, suggests that "our object nowadays is to reform not to punish offenders" and "prisons must be made training schools and prison workshops hives of industry," and further, "a wage system is essential." With such a rare opportunity for training and employment (all expenses paid) I can foresee a long waiting list for admission under our new prison regime—the only qualification being violation of the law—a too easy proposition, I fear. HENRY E. CLEEVE.

82 Elm Park Gardens, S.W.10.

THE DOUGLAS SCHEME

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I raise two points which Mr. Cole has overlooked ?

(1) Mr. Cole criticises the A and B theorem (in my opinion, rightly), and points out that while it explains the appearance of a deficiency in purchasing power after an expansion of capital equipment, it does not necessarily involve a continuous creation of deficiency when capital equipment is stationary. But he entirely neglects to consider the far more important theorem that "Where any payments in money appear twice or more in series production, then the ultimate price of the product is increased by that amount multiplied by the number of times of its appearance, without any equivalent increase of purchasing power." The process described is admittedly not easy to visualise, but in essence it means that there is a continual *involuntary* re-investment in industry, which produces the same final result as Mr. Hobson's *voluntary* re-investment.

(2) Mr. Cole and Mr. Hobson agree that re-investment produces a deficiency in purchasing power. I do not see how they can escape the conclusion that this deficiency, whether the result of voluntary or involuntary action, must be made good by an issue of new money to the *consumer* if consumption is to keep pace with production.

R. WENTWORTH.

72 Westbury Road,
New Malden.

Miscellany

FROM A BANNED WRITER TO A BANNED SINGER

In this remarkable document, Mr. James Joyce gives his impressions of his friend, Mr. Sullivan of the Paris Opera, in several of his leading roles. Many competent critics regard Mr. Sullivan as the most extraordinary dramatic tenor that Europe has listened to for the last half century. Mr. Joyce complains that Mr. Sullivan is "banned" or at least unknown in England. The reflections written here were sent in a letter to Mr. Sullivan by Mr. Joyce after an occasion on which the singer was carried shoulder high by his Marseilles admirers after an astonishing performance in "Guillaume Tell." One knows of no other similar documents, no letters in a tone of intense admiration and sardonic banter sent by, say, Manzoni to Rubini, or by Flaubert to Gilbert Duprez, or by Ibsen to the Swedish Nightingale. Lovers of grand opera will recognise the operatic situations and phrases with which the text is studded and detect under the mask of their Christian names the three divi who figure in the final quartette. The document which the singer has kindly placed at our disposal is published with Mr. Joyce's permission.

HE strides, booted with anger, along the spurs of Monte Rossini, accompanied solely by Fidelion, his mastiff's voice. They quarrel consonantly about the vocality of the wind, calling each and its other clamant names.

* * *

Just out of kerryosity howlike is a Sullivan ? It has the fortefaccia of a Markus Brutas, the wingthud of a spread-eagle, the body uniformed of a metropoliceman with the brass feet of a collared grand. It cresces up in Aquilone but diminuends austrowards. It was last seen and heard of by some macgillicuddies above a lonely valley of their reeks, duskening the greylight as it flew, its cry echechohoing among the anfractuosities : *pour la dernière fois !* The black-bulled ones, stampeding, drew in their horns, all appailed and much upset, which explaints the guttermilk on their overcoats.

* * *

A pugilant gang theirs, per Bantry ! Don Philip, Jay Hell, Big O'Barry of the Bornstorms, Arthur, siruraganist who loosed that chor. Damnen. And tramp, tramp, tramp. And T. Deum sullivamus.

Faust of all, of curse, damnation. But given Parigot's Trocadéro for his drawingroom with Ballaclavier in charge at the pianone the voice becomes suburban, sweethearted and subdued. The heat today was really too much of a hot thing and even Impressario is glad to walk his garden in the cool of the evening, fanning his furnaceface with his sweltertails. *Merci, doux crépuscule !*

* * *

Who is this that advances in maresblood caftan, like Hiesous in Finisterre, his eyeholes phyllistained, his jewbones of a crossbacked ? A little child shall lead him. Why, it's Strongman Simpson, Timothy Nathan, now of Simpson's on the Grill ! Say, Tim Nat, bald winepresser, hast not one air left ? But yeth he hath. Regard ! Auscult ! He upbraces for supremacy to the potence of Mosthigh and calls upon his baiters and their templum : You daggones, be flat !

* * *

What was in that long long note he just delivered ? For the laib of me I cannot tell. More twopenny tosh and luxus languor about I singabob you ? No such thing, O son of an envelope. Dr to J. S. Just a pennyplain loafletter from Braun and Brotmann and it will take no rebutter. You may bark Mrs Liebfraumich as long as you love but you must not burk the baker. Pay us disday our daily bread. And oblige.

* * *

On his native heath. Speech ! Speech ! cry the godlets. We are in land of Dan. But their words of Muskerry are harsh after that song of Othello. *Orateur ne peut, charlatan ne daigne, Sullivan est.*

* * *

11.59 p.m. *Durch diese hohle Gasse muss er kommen.* Guillaume's shot telled, sure enough. But will that labour member for Melckthal be able to bring off his coo for the odd and twentieth supererogatory time ? *Wartemal !* That stagesquall has passed over like water off a Helvetian's back. And there they are, yodelling yokels, none the worse for their ducking and *gewittermassen* as free as you fancy to quit their homeseek *heimat* and leave the ritzprinz of their chyberschwitzerhoofs all over both worlds, cisalpic and transatlantine. And how confederate of gay old Gioacchino to have composed this finale so that Kamerad Wagner might be saved the annoyance of finding flauts for his *Feuerzauber ! Pass auf !* Only four bars more ! He draws the breathbow : that arrownote's coming. Aim well, Arnold, and mind puur blind Jemmy in the stalls ! But, great Scott, whas is thas for a larm ! Half a ton of brass in the band, ten thousand throats from Thalwyl : Libertay. libertay lauded over the land. (Tay !) And pap goes the Calville !

* * *

Saving is believing but can thus be ? Is this our model vicar of Saint Wartburgh's, the reverend Mr Townhouser, Mus.Bac., discovered flagrant in a *montagne de passe ?* She is obvious and is on her threelegged sofa in a half yard of casheselks, Madame de la Pierreuse. How ductonically she hands him his harp that once, bitting him, whom caught is willing : do blease to, fickar ! She's as only roman as any *puttana madonna* but the trouble is that the reverend T is reformed. She, *simplicissima*, wants her little present from the reverend since she was wirk worklike never so nice with him. But he harps along about Salve Regina Terrace and Liza, mine Liza, and sweet Marie. Till she cries : bilk ! And he calls : blak ! O.u.t. spells out !

* * *

Since we are bound for a change of supper, was that really in faith the reverend Townhouser for he seemed so verdamnably like ? *Ecco trovato !* Father Lucullus Ballytheacker, the parish priest of Tarbert. He was a songful soul at the keyboard and could achieve his Château Kirwan with cigar thuriferant, without ministrance from platform

or pulpit, chase or church. Nor used he to deny his Mary neither. *Nullo modo.* Up to maughty London came a muftimummed P.P. Censored.

* * *

Have you got your knife handy ? asks the bellman Saint Andy. Here he is and brandnew, answers Bartholomew. Get ready, get ready, scream the bells of Our Lady. And make sure they're quite killed, adds the gentle Clotilde. Your attention, sirs, please, bawls big Brother Supplice. *Pour la foi ! Pour la foi !* booms the great Auxerrois.

* * *

Grand spectacular exposition of gorge cutting, mortarfiring and general martyrification, bigleighted up with erst classed instrumental music. *Pardie !* There's more sang in that Sceine than mayer's beer at the Guildhall. Is he a beleaper in Irisk luck ? Can he swhipstake his valentine off to Dublin and weave her a frock of true blue poplin to be neat for the time Hugenut Cromwell comes over, gentlest lovejesus as ever slit weasand ? Their cause is well sainted and they are centain to won. Still I'll pointe half my crown on Raoul de Nangis, doublet mauve and cuffs of buff. Attagirl ! *Ah ah ah ah ah ah viens !* Piffpaff, but he's done it, the bully mastiff again. And woops with him through the window tallyhoed by those friers pecheurs who are self-barked. Dominie's canes. Can you beat that, you papish yelpers ? To howl with the pups !

* * *

Enrico, Giacomo and Giovanni, three dulcetest of our songsters, in liontamers overcoats, holy communion ties and cliqueclaquehats, are met them at a gaslamp. It is kaputt and throws no light at all on the trio's tussle-tusculums. Rico is for carousel and Giaco for luring volupy but Nino, the sweetly dulcetest, tuningfork among tenors, for the best of all ; after hunger and sex comes dear old *somnium*, brought on by prayer. Their lays, blent of feastings, June roses and ether, link languidly in the unlit air. Arrives a type in readymade, dicky and bowler hat, manufactured by Common Sense and Co. Ltd., carrying a bag of tools. Preludingly he conspews a portuguese into the gutter, recitativing : now then, gents, by your leave ! And, to his job. Who is this hardworking guy ? No one but Geoge, Geoge who shifts the garbage can, Geoge who stokes in the engine room, Geoge who has something to say to the gas (*tes gueules !*) and mills the wheel go right go round and makes the world grow lighter. *Lux !* The aforesung Henry. James and John stand mouthshut. Wot did I say ? Hats off, *primi assoluti !* Send him canorious, long to lung over us, high topseasoarious ! Guard safe our Geoge !

HOW NOT TO DO IT !

ONE ought always to be suspicious of the pedant and purist because their tendency is to sacrifice the spirit to the letter. This is particularly true in music, and lovers of music have learned from experience to be suspicious of the musical quality of those who make a great fuss of "period" appurtenances and appliances, who would, for example, have you listen to J. S. Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues only upon a clavichord and not even a well-tempered clavichord. If they were as strict as they pretend they would eschew a modern clavichord made in imitation of early eighteenth century models and insist upon hearing J. S. Bach's music upon the particular instrument he chose because we know that J. S. Bach did not think highly of some of Silbermann's instruments, that his son Emmanuel preferred the clavichord to the pianoforte, whilst his other son, John Christian, had the contrary preference. There is room for differences of taste, and it is not inconceivable that we might choose a harpsichord for one purpose, a clavichord for another and a pianoforte for still another. Nevertheless most musicians would contend, and rightly I think, that the kind of tone was not important in the music written for keyboard instruments by seventeenth and eighteenth century composers. They wrote for the best instruments they had and were chiefly concerned with their musical ideas, not with the peculiar characteristics of their instruments. On the other hand, if a contemporary composer wrote for a group of instruments and selected to use a modern harpsichord rather than a pianoforte he would do so because he wanted a definite colour. Personally, I think this use of colour rather meretricious. It is not the only instance in art where those who seek do not find and the composers who search after colour effects will find that in music as in painting the finest colourists are those who do not profess to be colourists, and that the most beautiful colour is achieved as part of an artistic design in which it is wholly subsidiary.

But every composer writing for a group of instruments or orchestra has necessarily to consider the balance and proportion of his parts. When Handel wrote his concertos for organ and orchestra, such as the *Concerto in G Minor* (Set 2 No. 5) played by M. Marcel Dupré with Sir Henry Wood and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall last week, he wrote for the English organ of his day with manuals but no pedal and a small band. Sir Henry Wood has re-arranged this *Concerto* for a large modern orchestra and a modern organ. Well, we all know what the modern organ is ; in its finest and most expensive forms it is the ugliest musical monstrosity that has ever come out of the opposite place to Parnassus. Anyone who likes this electric monster that can imitate every noise from caterwauling to the marching of elephants is at liberty to do so. I understand that the gentlemen who play these contraptions at the great cinema palaces where they are installed are paid enormous salaries, as if to prove that they are not musicians, and so they must be thought popular. I only know that on the rare occasions when I visit such a place if the organ starts I am driven out straight away, and if there is an inferno for musicians it will no doubt be full of these organs played upon by bad composers.

But one does not expect to meet this sort of thing at the Queen's Hall. Even some lovers of boxing dislike, so I am told, heavy-weight matches, and a real duel between the modern organ played by M. Marcel Dupré and the modern orchestra directed by Sir Henry Wood would have left us all lying on the floor senseless. What we had instead was a collaboration, instrumented, in a double sense, by Sir Henry Wood. I am one of the most loyal and fervid admirers of Sir Henry Wood, to whose efficiency and industry we all owe so much, but now in his ripe maturity it is time for him to repent the sins of his youth. This orchestration and arrangement of Handel's delightful *Concerto in G Minor* should be scrapped at once ; he should tear it to pieces and never let a rag of it see the light of day again. Of course, there is a difficulty, and it is that giant organ installed at I know not what expense in the Queen's Hall. If I had my way I would put it under the hammer until it was smashed to pieces, because it is a constant temptation to Sir Henry Wood and other musicians to go wrong. Few can leave that monster lying asleep and not want to start it bellowing. Of course, it can also go sweetly, and M. Marcel Dupré put it through its paces from soft and slow, sweet and low to an imitation of an earthquake walking, but Handel's *Concerto* in the meantime was smashed to atoms. At one moment when the two protagonists combined to treat a simple tune as Raval treats one in his *Bolero*, by the process of reiteration slowly and gradually *crescendo* it was enough to make Handel rise from the dead. When Ravel does this sort of thing, we shrug our shoulders and reflect that nothing is so hard as to compose music, but the modernisation of Handel is neither necessary nor desirable.

It is because Mr. Anthony Bernard pursues a quite different goal with his London Chamber Orchestra that I welcome his admirable concerts so cordially. Some time ago, I heard him play a Haydn symphony just as it ought to be played, with the right balance and proportion and with sensitive

musicianship. Now he has just arranged a Festival of French music in three concerts, of which the first was given at the Queen's Hall recently. He had the assistance of the London Vocal Quintet and the New English Choir, who sang admirably. Our choirs as a matter of fact are far better than our vocal soloists, but why this should be so I do not know. M. Yves Tinayre also sang and gave an attractive performance in the beautiful *Air de Sommeil*, from Lully's opera *Armide*. This concert was one of the most enjoyable of the whole season and introduced to the public some extremely fine old music, such as Gombert's *Motet in Festis Beate Mariae Virginis*, which is a sixteenth century composition of great beauty. Another fine work was by Claudin le Jeune (who died in 1600), *Je Suis Deshéritée*, which was beautifully sung.

There was not a dull or unmusical moment in this concert. The only weakness was the singing of the soloists in the scenes from Rameau's opera *Castor and Pollux*, in which that common fault of singers, faulty enunciation, spoiled the performance. No singer whose words are inaudible can be good, no matter how beautiful a natural voice he or she may possess. Good diction is the foundation of good singing, but our English singers are particularly faulty in this respect, partly perhaps due to the slovenliness of speech that is general to-day. Singers do not realise how the very effort to enunciate distinctly, to give the proper value to vowels and consonants, helps in the training of their voices; they are mostly obsessed with the idea of producing one kind of tone and so reduce all vocalisation to monotony and lifelessness. It is to be hoped that Mr. Anthony Bernard will take his soloists in hand and discipline them a little in this respect, because everybody neglects this work to-day.

W. J. TURNER.

MR. EPSTEIN

THAT section of the public which enjoys playing the policeman in matters of art, and particularly in the matter of Mr. Epstein, will be disappointed with his exhibition at the Redfern Gallery. How the great repressive paw must have itched to grasp the malefactor's collar when it was known that he had illustrated the Old Testament! But now, on visiting the scene of the crime, the constable discovers no crime at all. Instead he finds a collection of large-sized water-colour paintings which are not indecent, and therefore fail to interest him. The only thing left is to go home and read the Old Testament, to find out what they are all about. But no, he had better not do that, or the Old Testament will be suppressed instanter.

Meanwhile those who regard Mr. Epstein as neither a bogy nor a criminal, but as a genuine artist, will find these pictures altogether as interesting as his sculpture. For in the sculpture there is always a great deal that is experimental and derivative. Behind it, one is conscious of great energy and a vivid dramatic sense. Yet it often seems curiously impersonal, a series of essays in various styles, from negro to baroque, in which the sculptor's own expression is thwarted rather than released by his adaptability. His very accomplishment, the wonderful knowledge and control of his craft which enable him to display it in so many different guises, sometimes obscures the actual creative spirit. But in these Old Testament illustrations Mr. Epstein's individual pronouncement is masked by no pre-existing convention. They are all himself, completely of his own inventing.

Sympathy, tenderness, excitement, lust and tragedy—the swirling circus of the emotions is displayed before us in these brightly coloured, powerful reconstructions of a semi-primitive race. A generation of the milky, nightgown school of illustrators had fastened upon the Old Testament and refined its passion and poignancy away to nothingness; in Mr. Epstein's reading it becomes a living book again. The feelings roused in him by this crowded treasury of legend stream directly into line and colour, and make a vital thing of the pomp and savagery that indifference and Sunday Schools together have well-nigh extinguished in our imagination. The veiled majesty of God, the huddled masses of Babylon, the splendour of Absalom, Joash's timidity and Benaiah's vigour, and a score of other swiftly seized characterisations or dramatic episodes are set palpitating before us. Occasionally, as in the group of the cherubim, there is a hint of Blake in colour and form, and occasionally one of the pictures suffers by over-emphasis in the opposition of its hues. But for the most part the barbaric violence of colour, where it is used, is dominated into a superb coherence, and the convention in which Mr. Epstein has set his scenes is altogether original. It is by its power of conveying reality that such work stands or falls. Mr. Epstein has succeeded because he has given a first-hand rendering of his enthusiasm over his subject, untrammelled by previous interpretations. Has the constable section of the public also yet read the Old Testament with its own eyes, or has it been too busy banning more recent publications?

T. W. EARP.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

A Poor Tempest Play

YIELDING to none in my admiration and enthusiasm for Miss Marie Tempest, I must regret the hopeless inadequacy of Mr. H. M. Harwood's *So Far and No Father* at the Ambassadors' as a vehicle for her genius. She is far too intelligent not to recognise rubbish when she plays in it. Could it be that she was for once discouraged, not daring to expend her full powers in that deceitful brilliance which alone might have saved it? As it was, for the old magic we were offered a conjuring trick, a mere matter of perfect technique and timing; and that was not enough, considering whence it came. Hard, indeed, to expend one's full powers in creating the part of a mother who for no acceptable reason invents for her children a dead father who was once actually a respected alderman of a provincial town! Nor was the light-comedy atmosphere easier to conserve when the outraged relatives of the deceased arrived and in due course assumed the truth of the scandal, producing from their memories evidence for it. Naturally at last the real father appeared with apologies and all was well; but I am afraid that before then the boredom had set in. There was, however, one superb and utterly inorganic interlude in which Miss Tempest as a famous actress receives instructions for her new part from one Sergius Bortsch, the famous continental producer. Never was the art of dumb insolence more exquisitely demonstrated nor the extravagances of theatrical modernism more feelingly lampooned. Mr. Robert Andrews and Miss Yvonne Rorie as the children contrived to be interesting and amusing.

A Poor Hand

How sadly is Ruritania fallen! Who, remembering the Prisoner of Zenda and his sternly dutiful Flavia but must deplore the moral degeneration of the royal family of Carmania—the new alias—as portrayed in Messrs. Harwood and Gore Browne's *King, Queen, Knave* at the Playhouse? The king is a chubby rake, his life devoted to old books and young ladies. We saw at once that there was no question of his returning to rule his country—the family is living in exile on the Riviera—but of his daughter, Narcissa, I had higher hopes. True, I did not hold with her habit of setting proposal traps for the dour Scot who was leading her revolution for her, but I was reassured by several prettily patriotic speeches in Act 2; and it was a painful surprise to find her choosing love in a cottage in the Highlands after all, while the royal palace of Carmania burned merrily in the wings and lit the stage with a blinding, crimson glow. Infinitely more

lamentable, however, is the abdication of the fascinating, if rather flashy, Rupert of Hentzau from the position of knave of the country, in favour of a miserable financier, Sir Ferdinand Kolb, who takes advantage, like the cad he admittedly is, of those twin horrors, the telephone and wireless, to run Carmania from his library in Mayfair and never once cross swords with anyone. Apart, however, from this display of royal and villainous decadence, *King, Queen, Knave* strikes a sad blow at Ruritanian prestige, for it is a remarkably poor play. Not only is the situation commonplace, but the dialogue is made up of the slick epigrams, mixed with worn-out sentiments and monologues on Monarchy, which represents the only True Democracy. With this curious blend of not very good jokes and not very new ideas the cast did its best. Gladys Cooper as the princess, Leon Quartermaine as her devoted Scot and Edmond Breon as the flirtatious ex-king carried most of the weight of the play on their shoulders, and went through their trials with admirable fortitude. But we can scarcely suppose they enjoyed it.

Murder That Isn't

Sentenced, at the Comedy, is an original if improbable melodrama, comfortable and entertaining, without too much blood or too high a moral tone. The judge's summing up forms the exposition. Rather a long-winded method of stating the facts as Mr. Harold Simpson uses it, and the diffuseness and lack of movement in this first half-hour or so are not entirely absent during the rest of the evening. The shifting backwards and forwards of the time of action, that trying habit not exclusive to writers of melodrama, is also in evidence. Just when you are getting interested in the fate of the judge approaching the woolsack you are forced to consider the prospects of the K.C. approaching a judgeship. There are, however, some unusually ingenious ideas, which the author has skilfully introduced whenever he might have become tedious. The murder itself, though it occurs rather late, is a good example. It is not quite murder, certainly not suicide, and only just an accident. So it gives ample scope for manœuvres, and Mr. Frank Cellier makes the most of the author's suggestions, both as hero and producer.

Living Characters

Signor Pirandello's six "Characters" search for an author not to give them life, for they possess already the tragic, consuming life of one intensely held emotion, but to give them the actual, physical setting to express that life. Should these "Characters," living with the terrible force of an idea, appear to us as more or less real than the actors who try to interpret them? In the version given in London by the company of Italian players they were more shadowy, and we are told that this agreed with the author's idea. At the Westminster theatre they were incomparably more vivid, more full of intense life, and this seems truer to the words Signor Pirandello has put in their mouths. For the Father claims for the "Characters" who make up his family that they have a "forever enduring reality," while to the living actors their "reality of to-day is the illusion of to-morrow." Signor Pirandello in this play, as in his others, works at the disintegration of personality as persistently as the sea grinds the cliffs into sand. And to it we add our own problems—is the life of the "Characters" different in the minds of each member of the audience that sees them? And is Pirandello's main preoccupation an idea that is really suitable for the drama, *pace* the Prince of Denmark? But, in any case, his failures are more interesting than most successes, and in *Six Characters in Search of an Author* he achieves an intensely arresting combination of horror with humour and makes an unforgettable contrast between the light-hearted good spirits of his actors and the tense sufferings of his "Characters," set forever in the mould of their one consuming idea or sorrow.

The producer, Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, saw that the great moments of the play, our first sight of the "Characters," the sudden appearance of Madame Peace, and the suicide of the Boy had their full effect. Miss Flora Robson as the Stepdaughter was dominating and compelling to an almost uncomfortable degree. She carried her hell about with her in her passion of hatred for her Stepfather, the fundamental insincerity of whose character was well suggested by Mr. Henry Oscar. The solid little figure of Miss Helen Moore's Girl had yet a curious air of belonging to a non-flesh-and-blood world. The actors were well grouped and played well, especially the confused, badgered Producer of Mr. Morland Graham. Mr. H. K. Ayliff's translation is excellent.

The Seven and Five Society

Some of the pictures at the Seven and Five Society show at the Leicester Gallery are enjoyable; most of them, while technically frail, show a freshness of approach, an individualism, a readiness to appreciate accidental beauties, which is comforting after the aridity and bad temper of the war period. The thirteen painters represented have a unity of mood rather than of style: a subjective, romantic, perhaps effeminate mood, a preference for suggestion to the exclusion of statement. Exceptions are Mr. John Aldridge, who shows among other things an excellent little canvas *In Mallorca*, and who is, for better or worse, the one painter whose work has real intellectual quality, and Mr. Cedric Morris, who leans to heavy colour and static design. Mr. Morris's *Amazons* is striking. Miss Frances Hodgkins, among several *faux pas*, has a delightful confection of shells and what-not, admirably framed, called *In Cornwall*; Mr. Christopher Wood's picture, *South of France*, is an intriguing affair of climbing little roofs and mountains; Mr. Ivon Hitchens in *Black Dog* and *Wildflowers* achieves pleasing effects. Mr. David Jones experiments in portraits and in quiet, individualistic essays after the Kokoschka manner. Probably the most consistent painter in the show, both as to quality and in style, is Mr. Ben Nicholson, whose *Abstract Painting* is a fine study in tones and surfaces, simple in plan but richly suggestive. Among the sculptors Mr. Henry Moore has some characteristic work. Miss Barbara Hepworth's *Head* is good; and Mr. Staite Murray has one satisfactory pot which he calls *Hoa* and another which has character.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Saturday, February 27th—
- Festival of French Music, New English Symphony Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 3.
- St. Matthew Passion, People's Palace Choral and Orchestral Society, Central Hall, 7.30.

Sunday, February 28th—
- Chopin Recital, Cortot, Palladium, 3.15.
- Revival "Sous les Toits de Paris," Academy Cinema.

Monday, February 29th—
- The Camargo Ballet Society, Savoy Theatre, 2.30.
- London Symphony Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- "The Iron Woman." By F. Jackson, Duke of York's Theatre.

Tuesday, March 1st—
- Miss Nancy Price on "The People's National Theatre," Friends House, 1.20.
- J. E. Barton on "Modern Art," B.B.C., 8.30.
- Rudolf Serkin, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

Wednesday, March 2nd—
- Dr. Hugh Dalton on "The Economics of Family Life," B.B.C., 7.30.
- T. A. Rodger on "A Vocational Psychologist at Borstal," National Council for Mental Hygiene, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W.1.

Thursday, March 3rd—
- Aachen State Theatre Company, "Ur-Faust," at Oxford.
- "Punchinello." By J. H. Turner. Globe Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I SHOULD like to find a moral philosopher who would undertake to explain the rise and decline of Annie Besant. I have read Mrs. Williams' *The Passionate Pilgrim* (John Hamilton, 18s.), which gives all the relevant facts about Mrs. Besant's astounding career; and at the end I am confronted with the same eager, baffled, enthusiastic, uncritical, self-confident figure that sixty years or so ago left husband and children to go crusading with Charles Bradlaugh. Mrs. Besant, who is the high priestess of the "Liberal Catholic Church," is the same woman as the Mrs. Besant who championed *The Fruits of Philosophy*, though to-day she denounces the creed she once accepted. Even to-day, with her influence weakened by the defection of Krishnamurti from the religion of which he was the destined Messiah, she has something of the great personal power that made her one of the leading figures in the early Fabian Society, and enticed such a man as Herbert Burrows into the mists and marsh-lights of theosophy. It is true, if Mrs. Williams' diagnosis is correct, that this dominating woman has always been dominated—by Charles Bradlaugh, by Bernard Shaw, by Edward Aveling, by Madame Blavatsky, and finally by that strange and unsavoury creature, Charles Webster Leadbeater; but this scarcely helps us to understand why a woman so capable of moving multitudes of people, a woman who has effected that most difficult of tasks, a genuine creation of opinion, can seem in herself as null, as stripped of all contact with reality as the woman Mrs. Williams presents.

* * *

There must, of course, be something lacking in Mrs. Williams' knowledge of her subject. Although Annie Besant has never originated anything, has not given to the world a single new idea, that is even truer of Mrs. Eddy, who, in spite of that, became and remains one of the directing forces of human credulity. Can it be that Mrs. Besant is really a greater personality than Mrs. Eddy ever was? It is arguable that Mrs. Eddy was merely used by the very elaborate and wealthy organisation which she started, and obtained her position of pre-eminence because she was essentially a weak, hysterical woman of no intellectual ability and with no force of character. While Mrs. Eddy borrowed one idea and kept to it, Mrs. Besant has never cared for consistency or even coherence. The very changes that might be held to indicate a mental volatility so excessive that it could be called instability, might also be taken as evidence of an ardent desire for truth, and a readiness to wreck all sooner than stay for an instant in a position which was discovered to be false. The fact, emphasised by Mrs. Williams, that these changes of opinion have coincided with Annie Besant's meetings with different remarkable people will not disturb those who think that personal contact is, normally, one of the roads to philosophy, and that the desire for discipleship may, if it is not exaggerated, be a servant of truth. What is surprising and disturbing in Mrs. Besant is her vehement and uncontrolled impetuosity. Her autobiography—one of the neglected books of the last forty years—exhibits a very naive reliance, not so much on the teacher as on the thing taught. She has no intellectual, only emotional, convictions. There is no give and take between her and Bradlaugh, or between her and Blavatsky. Their doctrines come through her astonishing oratory, intensified perhaps, but quite unaltered in content. How odd that is can be seen if one thinks of other great disciples. The Calvinism of Knox is of a different colour from Calvin's, the Protestantism of Cranmer or Hooper seemed strange to the Continental originators of new doctrines. I know Marxians who insist that Lenin made much too free with his master's doctrine; it would be difficult for the men of the French Revolution to recognise their principles in the world of the Republic. Even Mrs. Eddy gave a faint, grey, tangled pattern of her own to Dr. Quimby's theories; and, to return to great names, William Penn added politeness, form, and a certain aristocratic distinction to the ardent, rebellious religion of George Fox. Bradlaugh's atheism, Fabian Socialism, Blavatsky's theosophy, Leadbeater's Gnosticism and queer sexual religiosity—all these Mrs. Besant has proclaimed but never pronounced—if pronunciation be a personal thing, and involve a new accent, an individual intonation. The woman has been not a thinker, not a seer, but a trumpet.

* * *

Her one great sign of originality is that she has not been held. What she would have been had she remained with the only creative movement she joined there is no guessing. Socialism, with Annie Besant as its voice, might have reached more quickly those middle-class homes that yielded but slowly to the Fabian teachers; whether that would have been a good thing cannot be decided. I myself have a dislike for converts who are won by pure oratory; but it is a recognised political device, and I suppose those who are spellbound in the hall may retain their convictions until they arrive at the hustings. Then Blavatsky's theosophy had a vivid, genuine heat in it, something at once generous and common, mystical and earth-bound, that made it infinitely superior to the mountebank posturings and borrowed sacerdotalism of Leadbeater and his fellow-bishops. There is no use in a religion if its leaders come under the suspicion of encouraging ceremonial because they wish themselves to be the centres of attention. One has only to look at the photographs in Mrs. Williams' book to see that this suspicion is bound to arise about the hierarchy of the "Liberal Catholic Church."

* * *

Mrs. Williams quotes a phrase of Mr. Yeats as applicable to Mrs. Besant: "One has had a vision; one wants to have another; that is all." It is an apt quotation. There is in Annie Besant something that demands a continual excitement, something which can never be satisfied unless the dawn brings new mystery and the sunset a fresh miracle. She has not the temperament or the faith that can find in the dawn itself mystery enough, and a miracle in each sunset. She has no permanent confidence in the still, small voice, especially if it be the voice of reason, but demands anxiously for a verification of fire and thunder, and of the great rushing wind. That is the woman Mrs. Williams tries to present. That she does not entirely succeed is evidence of the extreme difficulty of the subject, for Mrs. Williams has brightness, sympathy, shrewd humour and a good sense of the credible. She is an American, and one of her troubles has been an insufficient familiarity with the very English scene in which Annie Wood, afterwards Besant, moved with such startling effect. Mrs. Williams is too apt to hold personal or family idiosyncrasies as general rules governing English society in the fifties and sixties of last century; and it is hard to take seriously an author who quotes the *Family Herald* as throwing light on the habits and prejudices of the upper classes in mid-Victorian England. Still, here are assembled the facts about Annie Besant's career, with ample documentation and an excellent bibliography; and this book, with Mrs. Besant's own autobiography, will be indispensable to anyone else who wishes to write on one of the most baffling persons of our time. Charity compels one to quote Annie Besant's own statement of her aims:

> That one loyalty to Truth I must keep stainless; whatever friendships fail me or human ties be broken. She may lead me into the wilderness, yet I must follow her; she may strip me of all I love, yet I must pursue her; though she slay me, yet must I trust in her; and I ask no other epitaph on my tomb but "She tried to follow truth."

So she wrote in 1893. Had she followed Krishnamurti in his instinctive revolt from Leadbeater's airless conventicle, she might still claim it was true. As it is . . .

RICHARD SUNNE.

NEW NOVELS

Boomerang. By HELEN SIMPSON. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.
Unseasoned Timber. By DOUGLAS BOOT. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.
Three Fevers. By LEO WALMSLEY. Cape. 7s. 6d.
David's Day. By DENIS MACKAIL. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.
Ballerina. By BARBARA WILLARD. Howe. 7s. 6d.
A Buried Treasure. By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Presumably, one reason for the fact that the public reads long novels is that the reviewers praise them, and reviewers praise because there is no time to read them through. Praise and talk about bigness is the easiest way out. But I have yet to read the modern long novel which could not go on and on for ever, for all the attempt it makes at organic unity. These books are really no more than two or three novels loosely tacked together and the last usually fares worst. Miss Helen Simpson belongs to this tacking school and *Boomerang* has the faults of its kind, yet there seems no reason why a writer of her vitality and power of invention should not have contrived a solid whole. Her saving virtue is that she has learned the lesson of speed. To travel across the centuries in a few hours the pen must fly. It is true her speedy manner is second-hand—the gleeful, rather juicy ironic manner of Mr. Norman Douglas made nimble and feminine—but her book is no less readable for that. Writing with this brew in her head she excels in the gusto of the rapid preliminary survey. After that she is less certain and flags when her drama is propounded; until, once again, she begins what is virtually a new novel about the generation which succeeds the one she has gaily killed off. The best thing to do is to put the book down at page 250 when the Boomerang motif emerges, trivial, tired and naked, into modern times after the scandalous glamour of the past.

In the earlier pages the narrator describes the joyous life of her reprobate French ancestor who went out to rule the Island of Corazon in South America before the French revolution. A tidal wave engulfs this corpulent generation and their tropical Capri after his attempt to persuade the natives that his English wife is the Virgin Mary. We begin again in France with the reprobate's son who is expelled to grab what he can in Australia. His son in turn quarrels with his father and arrives in innocent though criminal-looking circumstances in Corazon once more. Again we begin with the narrator who, as the innocent victim of scandal—she having become the secretary to a bogus popular novelist engaged in the White Slave traffic—flies to England, marries a viscount, and returns in glory to Australia with him as the wife of a governor general. So it goes on. The early episodes are rich, prolific in both violence and extravagance.

Mr. Douglas Boot's *Unseasoned Timber* and Mr. Leo Walmsley's *Three Fevers* are also novels of adventure, but ungarnished with the wine sauces of romance or epicurean irony and unseasoned by anything but the most rudimentary scatterings of characterisation. Both books describe the life of fishermen on the north-east coast, both obviously report personal experience, but Mr. Walmsley's men are villagers and Mr. Boot's are men of a great seaport. Mr. Walmsley has a real gift for straightforward narration of the excitements of the sea, but he has virtually no story to tell, and his dialogue is shocking. He knows his subject thoroughly—reason enough for reading him—but he does not get beyond his "local colour" on to the higher planes of imagination. Mr. Boot's story has a more satisfying unity. We follow the adventures of a young clerk who assaults his employer, commits a quite incredible burglary and runs off to sea. The women in the story are good, the young man is good in parts, and his enemies are caricatures done in anger. Mr. Boot knows how to hold one's interest in his situations in spite of his unsteady handling of character, and some of the sea episodes are quite well done. His faults are those of the novice, whereas Mr. Mackail's very efficiency in producing the stock facetious verbiage is his bane. At his best in *David's Day* he writes very good chatter with plenty of amusing shrewdness in it. I laughed. But I wished I could have laughed more, and damned the commercialisation of English humour for keeping Mr. Mackail at the same tricks over and over again, ingenious as they are.

The two remaining books are superficially unattractive but once the reader has submitted to them, they disclose distinctive merits. The central figure of Miss Barbara Willard's *Ballerina* is not the sympathetic young lady with whom the congenital novel reader may flirt from page to page. But she is alive and, with but one slight doubt in my mind, convincing. Sophie Dane leaves her home to become a dancer. She is something of a genius, is taken notice of, throws up her career to marry a little misery of a man who is a popular baritone on the variety stage, leaves him for a man who makes her name, and then fails and returns to her husband. The story has melodramatic and sentimental temptations which Miss Willard has entirely refused. She is not stage-struck. She knows the draughty corridors of provincial theatres, the shoddy dressing rooms, the theatrical "digs," the life of luggage and Sunday trains. Her simple, grey, rather undistinguished prose illuminates her characters and her scene with a natural light that makes one wonder if her prose is so undistinguished after all. She has a clear perception of motive, especially of selfish motive, and she does not flinch from exposing, with a kind of careless exactitude, though without malice, the blankness of the theatrical mind. Both Sophie and her temperament, the baritone and his little fears, habits, and mediocre hopes are living, recognisable people. Their mediocrity as people perhaps depresses the tone of the book, but her skill and observation lift it up continually. The vital limitations are a lack of warmth and grace, a suggestion of rebuke and nervous distaste for her subject; so that one is hardly convinced that Sophie had a capacity for loving her husband well enough to force her to return to him and end her career when it was on the point of being remade. *Ballerina* is fundamentally a study in nerves, a grey study of grey matter, but it is well and unaffectedly done.

The same might be said of *A Buried Treasure* by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, except that she is an acutely self-conscious writer. Her mind and its attitude to everything is a Cat's Cradle of obliquity. She forces difficulties of approach upon her narrative and knits her brows at every word—though her style is lucid and simple. The following passage indicates the peculiarities of her sensibility:

> A new query had come into his thought with his passage thus along the rim of a high pasture, and he asked what shape lies behind the peal of a bell or the crowing of a cock, the lilt of a donkey braying, and how this shape is elongated, whether through time or space or both together.

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SECKER

One finds such lines frequently and it would be easy to ridicule them. These intellectual young ladies who sit twanging their nerves and weeping at the inbred peasantry of the Kentucky hills! But Miss Roberts has a talent which lifts her far beyond that category. She forces one to accept her intensified vision so that one has almost a physical sensation of being part of her story. One is reading a kind of poetry. She gives the scene and its peasants secreting their pot of gold and worrying about it the rigid tenseness of a woodcut. A sun is dazzling one's eyes; strangely vivid people are watching each other and calculating, cutting short their laughter or their rage. One is outside of them, looking at the patterns they make as one looks at bees flying in drowsy geometry in the sun. Easy readability is not Miss Roberts' virtue, her range is limited, and she is solemn. But she has created a small world of her own out of those Kentucky valleys, without exploiting them for melodramatic or picturesque ends.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

MR. WELLS'S WORKS AND DAYS

The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind. By H. G. WELLS. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

This is the third volume of Mr. Wells's great triology. Beginning with the *Outline of History*, he gave us a panoramic view of the evolution of that political animal, man. In the *Science of Life* the same animal had his life story traced, but this time biologically. Now in the third volume of the trilogy Mr. Wells traces for us the evolution of that economic animal which we also call man. (Is it perhaps significant that man when viewed as a political animal is rarely compared to an insect, but the comparison is continually made when his career as an economic animal is under review?)

These enormous volumes are often the object of severe criticism and anyone with a certain amount of knowledge in his head and gall in his pen can say many true and unpleasant things about them. Yet viewed as a whole their merits vastly outweigh their defects. Consider for a moment this third volume of the trilogy. It contains 850 pages. When it was handed to me by the editor a week or so ago with an inquiry whether I would review it, I saw in his professionally inhuman eye a gleam of something like apologetic compassion. It is no light thing to ask of a man that he shall read, in some seven days, 850 pages or over 300,000 words on industry and economics. I have now read those pages and I have read them all with pleasure, interest, and, I think, profit. That in itself proves the book to be a very remarkable achievement, for certainly there is no living man but Mr. Wells who could have written it and made it readable and valuable. The other day one of the younger generation, an extremely clever and serious writer on politics and economics, summarily dismissed Mr. Wells as a thinker who could not think. This criticism of him is often made in one form or another to-day, and, though there is an element of truth in it, it misses the point of Mr. Wells and his method. It is true that his mind is not one of those powerful intellectual instruments which can successfully apply to political and economic and historical problems methods of subtle and sustained analysis and synthesis. Mr. Wells thinks imaginatively rather than intellectually. It is a method which has its peculiar dangers (just as the other has), but it remains a method of thought which when used with genius can produce results of high value.

In this book Mr. Wells thinks imaginatively, and with genius, about the world's work. He gives us a panoramic picture of the works and days, not of a primitive Hesiodic farmer, but of the vast population of 1,900,000,000 economic animals who now swarm over the face of the earth. At first sight nine-tenths of the book are descriptive. He describes how man has gained a mastery over power and matter, and in doing so he tells the story of how materials have been used and invented, of steam and electricity, of the railway and the aeroplane. He describes how this population is fed, how it is housed and clothed, how the goods that it uses are distributed and the economic machinery organised. He describes the financial system upon which this world of work depends and the governmental system which has such important, and often disastrous, effects upon it. And he is not content merely with a description of the material and social framework in which the economic animal functions to-day; he goes on to explore and describe the inside of that animal's mind. He asks and tries to answer the question why men work. He explores the psychology of the capitalist system; he analyses the personal motives and the social effects of men like Jay Gould, Rockefeller, the Vanderbilts, Edison, Ford, Morgan and Sir Basil Zaharoff; he examines the "ideology" of the modern rich and of the modern poor; he investigates the educator and education and so is led in a short final chapter to a peep into the future.

Only Mr. Wells could have made a book of this kind readable and valuable. There are many people probably who will not find it as attractive or educative as its historical and biological predecessors. There is rather too much about materials and processes and Mr. Wells's imaginary encyclopaedia. Again some touchy people will be annoyed by his incorrigible outbreaks of naughty-boyishness and his irritable wrongheadedness on certain subjects, though those are wiser who welcome these symptoms of Mr. Wells's eternal youth and his capacity for remaining a human being even after writing 700 pages about economics. The great merit of his work, however, is that, even in the midst of interminable and not very interesting details, he never loses sight of the enormous picture which he has set himself to draw. He has grasped imaginatively the vast design of economic life to-day and he is therefore always able to relate his details to it and arouse in the reader a vivid realisation of their most important implications. If he does not think, he again and again seizes imaginatively upon some essential idea in a complex of facts, e.g., in his discussion of unemployment, of the peasant and nomad types in modern society, or in his analysis of such phenomena as Gould and Rockefeller. Indeed, if he does not think himself, he has the supreme merit of making his reader think.

LEONARD WOOLF.

FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS ONLY

New Bearings in English Poetry. By F. R. LEAVIS. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

Mr. Leavis's criticism is a train that stops at few stations, and perhaps it is not unfair to add that passengers are expected to travel rather obviously first-class:

> In the corridor they had begun
> To speak of Massinger and Donne.

For in this discussion of modern English poetry he has a great deal to say about Eliot, Pound and Hopkins, and very little about anyone else. Hardy, Yeats and de la Mare are recognised and perfunctorily praised (this section is an intelligent expansion of part of Mr. I. A. Richards's *Science and Poetry*); Bridges is dismissed as an Academician; others are awarded dishonourable mention. One-half at least of English poetry is as distasteful to Mr. Leavis as an over-ripe plum—a rottenness extending back through Brooke and Housman, Swinburne, Tennyson, Keats, to Milton and Spenser. Modern poetry, as he understands it, is a complete break with this tradition. "As a basis," he offers us three major poets: Hopkins, "the only influential poet of the Victorian age and . . . the greatest"; Eliot, of whose *Gerontion* he says, "nowhere outside Shakespeare can we find a passage so sustained in quality"; and Ezra Pound, who, after some uncomfortable shuffling, also tips the scale as a major poet. In an epilogue he acclaims the verses of a young poet, Mr. Ronald Bottrall, who is also looking for a basis for modern poetry. This journey, like so many others, ends in a local siding.

The merits of the book are not in its outlines or its direction. Mr. Leavis owes his method to Mr. I. A. Richards and Mr. William Empson, and he works best with a microscope. The long essay on Mr. Eliot, whom he understands better than his other poets, is an admirable piece of exposition and appreciation. The texture of *The Waste Land* is examined with sensitiveness and intelligence: what a pity then that Mr. Leavis should draw back to point out the Shakespearean dimensions of his subject! There are pages in his essay on Hopkins which are criticism of the first rank; the insistence that Hopkins's use of words is Shakespearean and not Miltonic is admirably sustained. But why does Mr. Leavis ignore the earlier poems (the sonnet on Spring, for example), and the magnificent last group of sonnets which may reasonably be compared with Milton? Why does he pass quickly over the poems which have appeared in various anthologies? Why does he attack Mr. Charles Williams' preface to the *Collected Poems* for its Miltonic comparison, and then appropriate Mr. Williams' criticism of the use of alliteration by Hopkins and Swinburne without acknowledgment? One answer is that Mr. Leavis is determined always to travel first-

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class. Another is that his idea of what is "significant" in poetry coincides usually with what is "difficult." He is at his best when a poem needs elucidation and when that elucidation will enable him to set up the poem triumphantly against a mass of plainer (and therefore inferior) work. *New Bearings in English Poetry* is as remarkable for the intelligence of its detail as for the oddity of its outline.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Public Schools: Their Failure and Their Reform. By L. B. PEKIN. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

To ill-treat an artisan's child is, in this country, a risky business, but no representative of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children ever ventures into the precincts of Harrow, Marlborough, Sherborne, or of the preparatory schools to which boys are sent at the age of eight or nine. The privileged classes in this country almost unanimously connive at the brutal treatment of their children. It is indeed one of their privileges to do so, and intelligent men, whose schooldays were an agony, gaily send their sons to the same ordeal. Growing boys are a great nuisance about the house, the experimental schools are run by "cranks," "Things have changed since my day," the father says hopefully, and off the little victim goes. For some ten per cent. of the boys, life at an English Public School is not worth living, and some of them never recover. No complete account of one of these institutions has ever been published, and when some severely bowdlerised description appears in the form of a novel, it is always treated as a grotesque exaggeration. With a friend, I had a scheme for getting twenty acquaintances, all from different schools, to write short accounts of their experiences, but the interesting result if published would certainly be prosecuted for obscenity. Mr. Pekin, who has been a master in several schools, has written by far the best existing criticism of the system. He is sometimes a little silly, and his tone is a touch too high-minded, but I cannot recommend his book too strongly to all parents, schoolmasters and humane men.

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No doubt there has been some improvement in the last fifteen or twenty years. The food and sanitary arrangements are better, and there is greater variety both of work and play—at any rate for the older boys. But Public Schools are still the most inelastic and conservative institutions in this country. I suppose that every school has at least one enlightened and enthusiastic man on its staff, but too often the masters are Old Boys who have returned to their schools to teach after a few years of athletic success at a University. They take up schoolmastering as the path of least resistance, with little experience of the world and not even an elementary knowledge of psychology. The head master is often an *arriviste* with a talent for speech-making and administration, and the school is run by elderly Jingo Die-Hards who have never become fully adult. The more intelligent of the senior masters have become embittered eccentrics, while many of the younger men give a cynical adherence to the system for the sake of their livelihoods. As a result the Public Schools have absorbed what is most deplorable in each age: they combine the brutality of the eighteenth century with the prudery of the nineteenth and the lowbrow vulgarity of the twentieth.

I do not maintain that more than ten per cent. of the boys are actively miserable. Some are very happy—we have all met those self-confessed failures who pathetically boast that their schooldays were the happiest time in their lives. The majority of boys are merely cramped, discouraged, and, above all, bored. The object of the Public School system is to make each boy as like all the other boys as possible. In point of fact, it makes the odd boys odder, but it does succeed in making the commonplace boys more commonplace. Its aim is not to "educate," to bring out, but to suppress. Any expression of individuality is apt to be regarded as anti-social, and to prevent it a brilliant method has been developed. Boys of sixteen and seventeen, apart from the civilising influence of their homes, easily become mediæval in their intolerance and cruelty. Only give them the control of their juniors, and uniformity will be imposed by force. This system of almost unrestricted government by prefects or monitors is the heart of the Public School. Bullying in the old sense, the individual abuse of superior strength, is now rare. It is socialised, legalised, and approved by the masters under the name of "prefects' authority." Flogging is a pleasant and exciting activity, for which, at some schools, any excuse is good enough. In my House at Malvern (there were about fifty boys in it) three or four on an average were every evening given a beating by the formally assembled prefects. It is significant that the House was obsessed with sex—Mr. Pekin brings out very clearly the sexual significance of corporal punishment. I was myself once beaten three times by the prefects in a single evening. It was extremely bad for me, but it must have been even worse for them. However, the smaller boys have to put up with it, and can only console themselves by looking forward to the time when this honoured privilege will be theirs. In other schools there is less corporal punishment by the boys, and it is the masters who have most of the fun. I do not believe that licensed sadism on this scale would be permitted in any other civilised country.

Good teaching is usually reserved for boys likely to win scholarships at a University. Classes are far too large, and often masters have obtained their posts chiefly for their skill as athletic coaches. A Double Blue is regarded as an excellent qualification for teaching French. Moreover, the curriculum is chiefly governed by the requirements of University Examiners, and is most unsuitable to the majority of boys who go straight from school into business. A Public School man who has not been to a University is usually quite uneducated. He can, for instance, neither talk nor read any foreign language with ease; he has been given a lasting dislike for literature by the way he has been taught Shakespeare, and, as Mr. Pekin says, he knows neither the difference between rates and taxes nor the powers and constitution of the House of Lords. But if he has learnt nothing of citizenship or culture, he is thoroughly class-conscious and perhaps an expert on cricket averages. Thus the inelasticity of the Public School product has enervated our industries and is destroying our position in the East. The best that can be said for the teaching at most schools is that it avoids the Continental vice of overtaxing the boys' brains.

In some schools all prestige is reserved for the athletes; the masters, like the boys, regard work as an inconvenient necessity, and games are the one important business. Independent intellectual activity is rarely encouraged, and the timetable so arranged as to make it almost impossible. To read,

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you require leisure and privacy, and in most schools the whole system is devised to reduce these to a minimum. (Eton, because it offends less in this respect, is probably the best Public School.) The boys never learn to amuse themselves, and as a result a majority of what are called the educated classes in this country are in their spare time absolutely helpless without a tennis-court, a golf-course and a bridge-table. I enjoy tennis, golf and bridge enormously—indeed I wish these games could be played at school much more generally, instead of the games, so useless in after life, that are played there, but it is a mean and feeble life in which these are the principal pleasures. Cricket and football, as Mr. Pekin says, "can fairly be called the religion of our Public Schools." It is a most exacting and intolerant religion, for unless one has a gift for these particular games, life at many Public Schools is hardly worth living. The burden of compulsory games can be far heavier to bear than the burden of compulsory Latin, and gives many boys "a lasting and quite needless distaste for athletics as a whole." Moreover, since the War to end War, one more misery has been added to Public School life: membership of the Officers' Training Corps has been made in fact, if not in name, compulsory.

"But what," a foreigner might ask, "is the object of a system, penal in its severity, which continually forces boys into activities that bore them, which allows no true recreation and gives them no training in the use of leisure?" The answer is simple: "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," remains the cowardly motto of the Public Schoolmaster, and mischief means sex. Pederasty and masturbation must be stopped at all costs; and yet at most schools both these habits are widespread. Games are played till the boys are sick of the sight of a ball, because they are supposed to exhaust sexual energy, yet, in my experience at least, the best athletes are usually the most prominent rakes. Sermons are empty of the love of God and the love of one's neighbour, but they are full of hideous and untrue stories of the dangers of masturbation. These create dangerous guilt-feelings, but are otherwise useless: you might as well tell most boys that it is dangerous to eat. Sensible information is rarely given. The average senior master is unbelievably ignorant of all psychology, and he has never heard of sublimation. Often a repressed homosexual himself, he has one method only of dealing with the boys' sexual emotions—to strangle them. Mr. Pekin has amusing stories of how all friendship between boys, all friendship between masters and boys, is usually discouraged: the headmaster does not trust his staff, the staff do not trust their boys. And the only result is that the average Public School is as filthy-minded as Sing-Sing.

The principal advantage always claimed for a Public School education is that it teaches *esprit-de-corps*. The principal advantage that I have found in it is that it teaches the importance of selfishness. In a civilised home boys may become too disinterested for ordinary life. At a Public School you learn the necessary lesson that if you do not stand up for yourself, nobody else will. Having plumbed the depths of human beastliness at a Public School, I have never ceased to wonder at the kindness and decency of most of my fellows. I learnt there that life is for many people a bad business, that man is not naturally good, that power is usually demoralising, and that one's first duty is to oneself. I learnt little else.

Mr. Pekin's suggested remedies are radical: co-education, enormously greater variety both of work and play, no fagging, no corporal punishment. And he concludes an interesting account of a German school run on the lines he advocates. Experiments like this, and some in England are of the first importance, but Mr. Pekin seems to forget that most of the parents who send their boys to Public Schools are themselves intensely conservative. However, we cannot afford the existing system any longer; it makes stupid or unhappy boys, conventional and unenterprising men. If anyone regards Mr. Pekin's criticisms as exaggerated, let me quote one more sentence from his book. "Intellectual integrity, freedom from prejudice, sensitiveness to beauty, moral courage—to name only a few of the very highest and most precious human qualities—these are things which it would be foolish for any boy to hope to learn at a Public School." I maintain that at most Public Schools these qualities are not only not taught, but are definitely discouraged. Will any Public School master contradict me? RAYMOND MORTIMER.

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Philip Sidney is once more become all the fashion. Last year Miss Mona Wilson proved him to be the father of the Grand Manner, the *fons et origo* indeed, of Elizabethan poetry, whose "unsought loveliness abridged the interim between Chaucer and Marlowe"; this year Miss Denkinger discovers in him the prototype of Hamlet, the "expectancy and rose of the fair state" who, in a "courtly background of inaction and intrigue shot through with frustration," shaped his impulsive self to control and patience. Her study of Sidney is original; throughout her gaily coloured, vivid account, she shows most sympathetically this young thoroughbred straining on the curb, this gallant nobleman, checked and trammelled at every turn by a selfish, jealous and vain woman. To his latest biographer, Sidney is one of the world's great failures, whose hopes, ambitions and schemes were foredoomed to come to naught. His house was unlucky, his father struggled unsuccessfully with the Ormonde faction, his mother's fair face was utterly ravaged by small-pox; Northumberland, his grandfather, brought disaster upon the Dudleys. In her first chapter entitled "Prologue in Purgatory," Miss Denkinger relates once again the tragedy of *Jana non Regina* with simple pathos, and throughout her book she brings a new freshness, a spirit of discovery, to the "story of a short life" which Greville told a sorrowing England many years since. Her selective quality is admirable, she includes just enough detail to hold, and not enough to encumber, her reader's interest, and for each character and happening she has some personal anecdote which makes them wholly unforgettable. With the authoress's own style of racy narrative plentifully embellished by contemporary quotation, no one could quarrel, but alas, how often Miss Denkinger forsakes herself in cheap imitation of Messrs. Francis Hackett, Philip Guedalla or Lytton Strachey. As triune influences, these are not auspicious: such passages as "whilst little Philip was reaching dimpled hands to the marvel of flame leaping from the floor of the hall at Penshurst, Latimer and Ridley were feeding more sinister flames at Oxford" are ill-matched with such phrases as "inevitably a rare haggis was seething there" or "Penelope fettled her joints against a speedy marriage" or, *à propos* of Sidney's letter to Molyneux, "here is temper indeed, and in nasty working order." But to cavil at such flaws in so lively, boisterous and enjoyable a book is ungrateful, since it gives an admirable interpretation both of Sidney and of the Elizabethan era. Unfortunately, however, who would be an historian must shed their whole selves, and must be born again into the age they study: Miss Denkinger has neglected to put off her moral values, and takes them with her into the past she endeavours to translate. She gives to Sidney and his contemporaries the pruderies of modern America. Here is a grave fault, and one we had thought buried with the historical novel of the last century, with the Romolas and Harolds. Sidney is given a "conviction of sin" which would do honour to a Methodist preacher: whilst he loved Lady Rich, he yet realised he "could not live long in the fool's paradise of illicit passion. His open nature was natural enemy to the devisings of duplicity, to the shafts of stolen meetings. Wrong doing, even under the blanket of beauty, was still wrongdoing: wrongdoing, moreover, which cut at the very springs of life." In actual fact, it was Sidney who devised stolen meetings, Sidney who, when Stella's "faire mother was abed," begged "take me to thee and thee to me," and who, refusing to take "no" for answer, would "have made tongue's language plain" with his hands. Not because Sidney realised that his love was a "hunger truly accursed, unleashed dishonoured passion" did he cease to pursue Stella, but because Lady Rich had grown, through suffering, to a higher stature than he, and "lest I blush when thou art named" refused him. It was her refusal of herself, bitter as it was to them both, which enabled Sidney to write *Splendidis longum valedico nugis*, and Miss Denkinger gives her small thanks for her chastity. Nor was Sidney the devoted, uxorious husband this book suggests: he wrote many sonnets to Stella after his wedding, and Frances Sidney, although she did not console herself during her husband's life-time (for her lover was safe in prison), yet did not let the grass grow upon his grave before she remarried. But this is essentially a romantic, agreeable tale, the poetically related life of a very dazzling person. Perhaps Elizabeth is painted too black, Sidney too golden, but he has survived so much praise that he may haply escape sound from this new and ample dose.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

In the Track of the Crusaders. By EVERT BARGER. Nash and Grayson. 15s.

It is reassuring to find proofs that the tourist agency has not completely dominated our race. Despite its dictatorial management and far-reaching tentacles, the ardent traveller, less rich in money than in imagination, will still plan his own sentimental journeys and grit his teeth to dirtier realities than any the "inclusive tour" knocks up against. Discomfort and perseverance are the necessary adjuncts to a cheaply run venture in the Near East; and although the traveller cannot report territory unknown in the objective sense, his own personal discovering of it goes a long way towards snaring the old exploratory spirit. Thus it is that, apart from any information his book holds, Mr. Evert Barger must be commended for the manner of his pilgrimage to Jerusalem. With a fellow undergraduate he set out, in the long vacation of 1929, to travel overland, through the Balkans and Asia Minor, following the route of the First Crusade. And as the entire trip was performed on £59 a head, it may be gathered that no unessential comforts were enjoyed. True, Mr. Barger points out certain advantages in the shape of maps, guide books, and, one may add specifically, Keating's powder. On the other hand, the eleventh-century crusaders probably bore negligently with vermin, and certainly had no constant harrying over passports, using, for the most part, weapons instead.

Mr. Barger has written a competent, straightforward narrative of his journey, keeping one eye on his forerunners' progress at the relevant places. At Antioch he recalls the nine months' struggle for the city, though for his own part a single insect-ridden night was long enough. But, above historical links, the first interest lies in his passage through the new Turkish republic in Asia Minor and the cities of the Anatolian plain. Mr. Barger is alert here in collecting facts and weaving them into a definite general impression. His mode of travel becomes something of an asset. For in these regions Western civilisation is like a series of stepping-stones that one pays heavily to walk on; the only alternative being to sink deep in native mud at every step. Mr. Barger, travelling third class on the railways, sleeping in primitive "hans" renamed hotels, and forced to eat Turkish food that disagreed with him, came willy nilly into close touch with the local people.

Apart from scenery, immediate conditions are what interest him (no doubt through necessary intimacy). Broad surveys are not to be expected from a hurried transit, nor does he give us sketches of humanity such as a more seasoned traveller might collect. But he presents Angora as a modern town being hastily built on European models, with the squalid accommodation of the East obtainable at a Western price. In Konia, visited especially for the Seljuk architecture, the famous mosques were found to be occupied by the military, and cluttered up with beds, boxes, clothes and rifles to the detriment of their faience and stalactite work. Protests elicited the answer that the New Turkey was created, and must therefore be preserved, by force. The main force, however, behind this new emergent Turkey, is felt everywhere as the great Gazi, Mustapha Kemal, who receives the awe and honour of the humble much in the manner of a Mussolini.

Jerusalem, approached by this adventurous route, played more than its accustomed role of disillusionment. Bravely Mr. Barger notes down the sophistication, the false sites and relics, the hideousness of the Holy Sepulchre, the fact that the Mohammedans kept order amongst the Christian sects before the War. And the city was to show more of its temper, for, by chance, the crusaders witnessed a new slaughter in the beginnings of the Jerusalem riots, when a Jew was murdered by infuriated Arabs before their eyes. It is little wonder that Mr. Barger's happiest memories of his pilgrimage are not concerned with its main object, but with the Cilician Gates and the Homeric Plain of Troy.

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TIME WAS

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HAMISH HAMILTON

and fallible as are other institutions and that there are as many stupid men there as in other services to whom

> Discipline is the veritable holy of holies; the weakling's ever present help and comfort, the bully's sure citadel of refuge, the incompetent man's never failing support, even as to establish discipline without discipline is the surest proof of a strong man's capacity.

Also, as Sergeant Bell mournfully avers, "there's the same law for rich and poor, but all the same you want a lot more of it for a rich man than you do for a poor one." Mr. Punshon shows how the police force find it as difficult as other men to prefer Truth to success in their job of finding a criminal.

Shakespeare and the Supernatural. By CUMBERLAND CLARK. Williams and Norgate. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Cumberland Clark knows his Shakespeare, and in the present book he brings a wealth of apt quotation to bear upon the matter in hand, which is the supernatural as it appears in the plays and sonnets. "Supernatural" includes, of course, that of Christian belief and that of the pagan superstitions lingering on in the folk lore of the people or in the half-derisive luck charms of the educated. Mr. Clark's anthology of supernatural references is full of interest, illustrating as it does the general thought of Shakespeare's day, and had the book pretended to no more than this it might have been accepted without demur. Mr. Clark, however, goes farther and claims to discern in the speeches of his characters the poet's own opinions, and here, of course, he is on highly debatable ground, for he is dealing with a great imaginative artist who could throw himself into the innermost mind of his creatures, and with a successful manager of theatres who would naturally have dealt warily with the vexed religious questions of his time. Mr. Clark consequently may be right or wrong, but practically all he assumes in this respect is pure conjecture.

The Psychology of a Primitive People: A Study of the Australian Aborigine. By STANLEY D. PORTEUS. Arnold. 30s.

It has often been assumed that the Australian aborigine is one of the lowliest of primitive peoples, but Professor Porteus, from a careful study of the work of other investigators—the earlier part of the present book is built up largely on the work of Spencer and Gillen, Howitt, and others—and of his own personal researches, comes to the conclusion that the Australian black is not so primitive, that, indeed, his failure to make an important advance in civilisation is due not to any native lack of intelligence, but to a lack of the necessary incentive; that, in fact, his culture demonstrates an amazing adjustment of his life to the environment in which it must perforce be spent. In a very cogent argument he explains why it must have been advantageous to these people to obey an oligarchy of intelligent old men, and how the highly complicated exogamy which has puzzled everyone who has considered it makes for the stability of this oligarchy, by preventing undue competition for wives among the old men. Professor Porteus indeed finds the whole of the social culture entirely rational, and nicely adjusted to family and tribal existence in a land the bulk of which is desert and the rest often drought stricken.

Elegy and Iambus, with the Anacreontea. Newly edited and translated by J. M. EDMONDS. Heinemann. 2 Vols. 10s. each (12s. 6d. leather).

Scholars will welcome these two new volumes in the Loeb Classical Library. They include the remains of all the Greek elegiac and iambic poets (excepting the choliambists) from the seventh to the fourth century B.C. There are fifty or more writers represented by fragments ranging from an odd line or two to really substantial collections in the case of Theognis and a few others. Less high-brow readers will probably find most enjoyment in the Anacreontic songs, whose fame has come down through the ages. Anacreon himself lived in the sixth century B.C., and none of the poems that we have is earlier, it is believed, than the fourth century. But the fact that they are imitations is, as Mr. Edmonds says, not a reason for despising them. They are, at the worst, very pretty little pieces, and they have had their influence on modern poets—our own Herrick in particular and not a few Frenchmen. Mr. Edmonds has done his work admirably as editor and translator in both these volumes.

Prose of Persuasion. A Collection of Advertising Copy made by THOMAS C. STEEL. With an Introduction by NAOMI MITCHISON. Richards. 10s. 6d.

Mrs. Mitchison prefaces this collection of advertisement copy with a note of admiration for "these lovely, miniature works of art"; Mr. Steel claims that they have sold things, and insists almost defiantly on the difficulty of writing advertisements. But what a poor, scrappy little collection it is! No headlines, no illustrations, no colours, none of the things that go to make a good advertisement. All we are given is the little "blurb," tugging at our heart and purse strings, the human story with its commercial moral ending, made lively or lush.

> Many a baby, fretful and fidgety at first, has been contented by the cool, comforting caress of Johnson's Pure Talc Baby Powder.

That stands alone on its page—ravishing the reluctant reader with its aroma of nursery roses. Many of the advertisements here are no better. It may be Persuasion, but is it Prose?

Years of Plenty. By E. DE GRAMONT, Ex-Duchesse de Clarmont-Tonnerre. Cape. 10s. 6d.

Victor and Florence Llona, who are responsible for the translation of this vivacious narrative of fashionable Parisian society in the years before the war, have to be congratulated on their success in capturing the spirit of their original. Madame E. de Gramont darts from subject to subject and from year to year in so lively a manner that one is continually entertained. Her book is gossip, but it is good gossip, that gives a character in a sentence and a whole scene in a paragraph. It is the world that amuses itself in which we move, but it is in touch with other worlds, and the Rue du Faubourg St. Germains links hands with Montmartre. An agreeable chapter is that which shows us the old Duchesse de Rohan being kind to young poets, and, when warned that one of her guests has been in prison, saying, "Ah, poor man, so that is why he looks so sad." Madame de Gramont tells us of her family and her friends; among the latter appear Degas and Proust and a hundred lesser lights of the artistic and literary worlds.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

ENGLISH JAZZ

NOTHING typifies the decadence of England more than the average English jazz band (under which heading I would include, of course, the so-called "star" bands that occupy so much valuable time in music-hall programmes). This remark, I know, smacks of the judicial bench or the *obiter dicta* of one of our musical knights, but my complaint is of a very different nature from theirs. If there is a band that actually supplies "swamp stuff" in this country then it is my hard lot never to have heard it, for to me the strains of the English jazz kings conjure up nothing more barbaric than a *thé dansant* at a seaside resort on a wet Sunday afternoon out of season.

Like so many manifestations of our national life, the English jazz band has neither the charm of the old world nor the slick mechanical efficiency of the new. These bands are patently inferior to a Viennese Waltz band, an Hungarian Tzigane band, or a Catalan Sardana band. They have nothing like the vigour of Sousa's magnificent military band, and to compare them with their coloured peers in Harlem would be frankly unkind. To hear them in a music-hall is to realise their complete futility. This surely is the nadir of entertainment.

The orchestration is feeble and monotonous to a degree and the execution, though efficient enough, is rarely outstanding. There is practically no attempt to make use of the jazz band as a new medium, and if occasionally one of the players is so rash as to "put a little dirt in it" it is done with an arch and vaguely apologetic air as if to say, "Oh, I could shake a loose leg if I liked, but I realise that that sort of thing does not go down with a nice solid British audience like yourselves." As the playing is not good enough to hold our musical interest for any length of time, the turn is padded out with incompetently sung sentimental favourites (real-art numbers these) and humorous by-play of a type that would not be tolerated elsewhere in the programme (oh, those comic hats and wisecracks with the conductor). To finish up, we probably get a potted version of "1812" or a "patriotic medley."

The curtain falls and as the jazz kings of the earth cease to lament, and take their bow the less well-rehearsed and less well-played orchestra of the theatre itself, strikes up and produces just as good an effect. If the two bands were to change places few people would realise the difference. The difference between the ordinary theatre orchestra and a real jazz band was strikingly shown some years ago in the Cochran revue, *Dover Street to Dixie*, famous for the first appearance here of Florence Mills and her company. After the rather hum-drum playing of the English orchestra in the first part it was an electrifying experience to hear Will Vodery's band play the Delius-like fanfare which preluded the second. It definitely opened up a whole new world of sound. Although they maintained an extraordinarily high standard of musicianship throughout, it is hardly necessary to say that they were abused by the English Press for their crudity and vulgarity.

On the other hand, the emasculated gaucherie which passes for an "English style" of jazz playing has always been rapturously encouraged by the England Home-Page and Beauty Competition papers, so perhaps our poor bands are not entirely to blame. Since native incompetence is protected not only by sentiment, but by the law, it is unlikely that one will hear any really first-rate jazz band in England for some time to come.

A High Social Duty

Mr. J. M. Keynes gave the country some sound advice in his Halley Stewart Lecture.

As this space costs the price of a Goss dress suit, we can only afford to quote a few sentences from his closely-reasoned and forceful address.

Mr. Keynes spoke optimistically of Britain's future:

> "Over a wide field of her characteristic activities, Great Britain to-day is once again the cheapest producer in the world. . . . The forces set on foot last September have by no means had time, as yet, to work their full effect."

The Lecturer was particularly emphatic in his concluding remarks:

> "This is not a crisis of poverty, but a crisis of abundance. . . . The voices which in such a juncture tell us that the path of escape is to be found in strict economy and refraining wherever possible from utilizing the world's potential production are voices of fools and madmen . . . I therefore call on every one here as a high social duty to use their influence, whatever it may be, in private and in public, in favour of every kind of expansion and expenditure which is financially possible to those who would incur it, and which in better times would be generally admitted to be legitimate and useful."

So the Goss brothers look forward to seeing you one day next week. Meanwhile, prices of the best materials have to some extent followed the fall of the cheaper grades, and a thoroughly reliable Goss suit may now be bought for Six or Seven Guineas, the better materials costing Eight or Nine Guineas. Dress suits Eight to Twelve Guineas.

Measuring, cutting and fitting are done by the two brothers Goss *personally*. A wide range of first-grade materials, many years of practical experience and the low overheads of modest first-floor premises combine to ensure characteristic, comfortable and durable Goss tailoring at economical prices.

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The C.W.S. BANK is prepared to open personal current accounts (which may be worked through any Co-operative Society) on application.

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NAVY MIXTURE
OR
NAVY CUT TOBACCO

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

Fortunately the best jazz-playing records remarkably well and one has always the nostalgic solace of the gramophone. I am glad to see that H.M.V. have had the enterprise to add the name of Duke Ellington to their catalogue. His earlier records I have often discussed and need hardly refer to again in these columns. The present set are frankly something of a disappointment. They have a slight air of being concocted for the English market, though it is only fair to say that the least satisfactory are those in which Ellington's name does not appear as a composer. Taken as a whole, they are by no means so good as the Ellington records issued in the New Rhythm Style Series. *Stevedore Stomp* (B. 6106) is what is known as a good party record, and can be recommended. *Ring Dem Bells* (B. 5945) is not so good as the earlier version issued by the same band. *Echoes of the Jungle* and *Limehouse Blues* make a good pair on one record (B. 6066). Braham, the composer of *Limehouse Blues*, was one of the few writers who really had a distinctive English style. Ellington's version of his tune is a little baroque, to say the least, and on my copy the difficulty of identification is increased by an unfortunate transposition of the labels. I hope that future H.M.V. records will give us Ellington really at his best. It is not enough to have his name on the catalogue.

There are, incidentally, several first-rate American bands, which, as far as I know, have not yet been heard on English records; notably, the admirable Fats Waller and his Buddies.

Spike Hughes' Band is one of the few English bands with a sense of jazz style and the sense to model itself on Harlem rather than Wimbledon. *A Harlem Symphony*, by Spike Hughes himself, disarms reminiscence hunting by being dedicated to Ellington. It is a pleasant essay rather in the style of Ellington's *Creole Rhapsody*, but it suffers from the two sides being insufficiently contrasted. If Spike Hughes listened even more carefully to Ellington's records he would realise that they either make statements or contradict them. They never temporise. The gramophone record, taken as a definite mould for form, is obviously going to raise very definite formal problems of its own. The playing is good, but the recording is not sufficiently clear cut. (Decca, double-sided 10-inch, F. 2711.)

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RIMINGTON VAN WYCK LTD.

SOME NOTABLE EXTRACTS from our latest list of unusual recordings.

MAX BRUCH Concerto No. 1 in G minor. Op. 26. Yehudi Menuhin (violin) and the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald. Three records. 6/- each.

HAYDN Quartet in D minor. Op. 76. No 2. Poltronieri Quartet. Two records. 5/6 each.

STRAUSS Rosenkavalier Suite. (*a*) Presentation of the Silver Rose. (*b*) Och's Waltz. (*c*) Breakfast Scene and Trio. (*d*) Closing Duet. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Karl Alwin. Two records. 4/- each.

And many other delightful and not generally available works.

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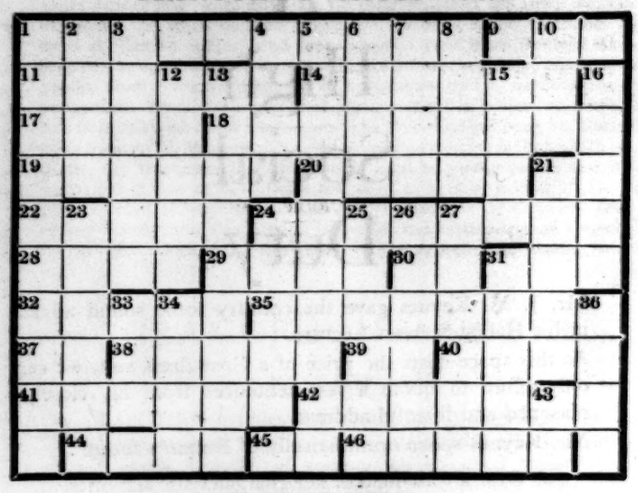
Playtime

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



MANY REVERSES

ACROSS.

1. Trinculo must this his clues.
9. Put two and two together.
11. "Good heavens" cried its inventor.
14. Cannot be far away.
17. Beheaded ecclesiastic.
18. Farthing exacted by the conscientious creditor.
19. Reverse of how Uncle Sam likes it.
20. Mr. Cobden is not Lord Beaverbrook's.
21. 21 *dn.* without his offspring.
22. This month the bachelor may well fear me.
24. My properties are important in every theatre.
28. The chief in retreat becomes poetical.
29. Pup's utterance.
30. Began in the 18th century.
31. Mottob.
32. This one's a gift.
35. *rev.* "Touch-last" as played at Brooklands.
37. In the matter of sapping.
38. Oh Marie, I've muddled you.
39. I'm in nothing that's French.
40. "City of heartbreaks."
41. Not noticeable in Ken Wood.
42. Maud found them drowsy.
44. King that Cleo derives from.
45. Knowledgeable before a miner.
46. Alleged home of aestheticism.

DOWN.

1. A many-sided affair.
2 *rev.* ". . . who survived him."
3 *rev.* The blood of an octaroon.
4 *rev.* Ian has left these Alps.
5. Try it in your bathos.
6. Proverbial maternal (ask Edison).
7. Where the Lyons mail stopped.
8. Got mixed up in a mare's nest.
10. This artist hasn't got on.
12 *rev.* Was he paid in what he wrote about?
13. Alleged birthplace of the British constitution.
15. Often azure in origin.
16. I'm in a queer state.
21. Beast that suggests a cockney bowl.
23. *rev.* Ask Puss how she likes her milk.
24. I symbolise protection.
25. Use these only, darling, for thy libations.
26. They allege the Jabberwock was.
27 *rev.* Charon will take you.
31 *rev.* To-day much discussed—outside Poland.
33 *rev.* Or reconstruct, and drink.
34. My mountains are rich in minerals.
36. Sheer nonsense.
43. My "leaves" "russell" poetically.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS.—1. mechanisation. 14. edit(or). 15. given. 16. range. 17. smashed *rev.* 19. per. 20. sac (*The Doctor's Dilemma*). 21. integer. 23. Rector (Exeter College). 25. apt *rev.* 27. Nero. 29. ado. 30. (L)ido(l). 32. apparat(us). 33. ret(urn). 34. gum. 35. teetota(l). 36. E.C. 37. saga. 38. idlos (solid). 40. I I. 41. notion *rev.* 42. Ode-r. 43. Novarro. 44. Cu (copper). 45. National Party.

DOWN.—1. meditation. 2. Eden. 3. telepathic *rev.* 4. ht. 5. Agag (gaga). 6. numeration. 7. irs (sir). 8. suprarenal. 9. are. 10. aristocrat *rev.* 11. instigator. 12. ago(ra) *rev.* 13. necromancy. 18. Senator. 22. aviator *rev.* 24. procede *rev.* 26. P(o)pe. 28. Eros (sore). 31. dugout. 39. add *rev.* 43. no.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE

In a Contract Bridge match, the score is love-all in the second game. The players sitting East and West have won the first.

The player sitting North is the dealer.

Messrs. North, South, East and West are taking part in the game. Only one of them occupies at the table the seat corresponding to his name; and this player takes no active part in the bidding.

The bidding is throughout reasonable. No player's bid, pass or double can fairly be regarded as unjustified.

Mr. South plays the hand at Three Spades, doubled, and is defeated by 1,400 points.

Mr. West holds five Spades to the Queen.

Mr. North's hand is as follows:

♠ 7 4 ♥ K Q 6 ♦ A K 7 5 3 ♣ K 3 2

Where is Mr. South sitting; and who is his partner?

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

There were Three balls in bag No. 2.

Ada's Surname.—Correct solutions received from: Sir M. S. Amos, J. E. Blaney, B. Brewster, G. B. Courtier, F. B. Gibbins, A. R. Habershon, T. W. Laurie, S. C. Leslie, A. J. D. Lothian, R. M. S. MacDonald, J. P. McEvoy, F. E. Maitland, H. M. Palmer, J. C. Powell, J. D'A. Salt, G. L. Thomas, Rigby Wason.

CALIBAN.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

DUKE OF YORK'S. The IRON WOMAN. M., Th.

FORTUNE. FIRE. 1st Mat., March 5.

GAIETY. HOLD MY HAND. Wed., Sat.

HIPPODROME. BOW BELLS. Daily.

PHŒNIX. LOVELY LADY. Wed., Sat.

QUEEN'S THE IMMORTAL HOUR. W., S.

ST. MARTIN'S THE NELSON TOUCH Tues. & Fri. (Last weeks)

SAVOY. PAULETTE. Th., Sat.

STRAND. IT'S A GIRL. Thurs. & Sat.

WESTMINSTER. Wed., Sat., SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR.

WYNDHAM'S. THE GREEN PACK. Wed., Sat.

OPERAS

QUEEN'S. (Ger. 9437.) NIGHTLY at 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. (For 4 Weeks Only.)
THE IMMORTAL HOUR.
GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES,
W. Johnstone-Douglas, Arthur Cranmer, Bruce Flegg.

THEATRES

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar. 3161.
Sir Oswald Stoll presents
ERIK CHARELL'S
WHITE HORSE INN.
At 2.30 and 8.15. (April 9th Last Night.)

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5122.
Nightly at 8.30. Mats., Mon. and Thurs., 2.30.
THE IRON WOMAN. By Frederick Jackson.
ELIZABETH ALLAN. MAY CHEVALIER.

FORTUNE. WED. next, 8.15, subs. 8.30.
FIRE.
By Ernita Lascelles.
1st Mat., Sat. March 5, 2.30, subs., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAIETY. Evgs., 8.15. Mats., W. & S., 2.30. Tem. 6991.
HOLD MY HAND,
with STANLEY LUPINO,
JESSIE MATTHEWS, SONNIE HALE.

HIPPODROME. London GER. 0648.
TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.15.
A New Revue. *BOW BELLS.*
Binnie Hale, Nelson Keys,
Andre Randall, Harriet Hoctor, Robert Hale.

PHŒNIX. EVGS., at 8.30. Tem. Bar 8611.
LOVELY LADY.
A Comedy with Music.
Mats., WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S. Temple Bar 1443.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri. at 2.30.
THE NELSON TOUCH.
A Modern Comedy. (Last weeks)

SAVOY. TUES., March 1st, 8, subs., 8.15.
PAULETTE.
A New Musical Play.
Mats., THURSDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

STRAND. (Smoking.) 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
IT'S A GIRL.
LESLIE HENSON. SYDNEY HOWARD.
Connie Ediss. Austin Melford.

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283.) Adm. 2/5 to 9/-.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR. By Pirandello.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE. Temple Bar 3028.
Nightly, 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
GERALD DU MAURIER in
THE GREEN PACK. By EDGAR WALLACE.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY, Oxford St. (opp. Warings). Ger. 2981.
Sun., Feb. 28th, Rene Clair's *SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS* and Hitchcock's *BLACKMAIL.*
Last days Fritz Lang's *Nibelungen* and Himalayan Expedition Epic.

EMPIRE, Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
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MARIE DRESSLER
in *EMMA.*

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HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1.

Summary of the Sixty-eighth Annual Report

FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1931.

INCOME.

LIFE BRANCHES.—The Premium Income for the year amounted to **£11,877,035.**

FIRE AND ACCIDENT BRANCHES.—The Premium Income for the year amounted to **£717,619.**

TOTAL INCOME.—The Total Income for the year amounted to **£15,417,860.**

BONUS.

ORDINARY BRANCH.—A simple Reversionary Bonus of **£1 16s. 0d.** per cent. has been declared on Pearl Policies entitled to participate in full profits.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—A sum of **£427,720** has been set aside to provide Reversionary Bonuses to Policies, with certain exceptions, effected before 1st January, 1925.

CLAIMS.

LIFE BRANCHES.—The Life Claims and Matured Endowments paid and outstanding numbered 317,945, and amounted with Bonuses to **£4,881,286.**

FIRE AND ACCIDENT BRANCHES.—In the Fire and Accident Branches the Claims paid and outstanding amounted to **£387,477.**

TOTAL CLAIMS.—The Total Claims paid by the Company amount to **£72,090,887.**

FUNDS.

TOTAL FUNDS.—The Total Funds amount to **£68,669,748,** which is an increase of **£5,351,347** over those of the previous year.

GEORGE TILLEY,
Chairman.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

IS GOLD CHEAPENING ?—THE STRENGTH OF THE POUND—CHEAPER MONEY AND A CONVERSION SCHEME—TRUSTEE STOCKS

HAVING sold my gold watch (ex works) and chain to a bullion merchant I shall be able to discuss the future price of gold with complete frankness. While I was waiting with great satisfaction to hear how much sterling was to be given in exchange for half an ounce of a metal possessing an entirely fictitious value, the clerk, who had the business in hand, came into my room looking very grave and announced : " Gold is cheaper." This fact had apparently cost me a few shillings less profit than would have been obtainable the day before. I endeavoured to temper the disappointment of the clerk by reminding him that the cheapening of gold would usher in the end of the world slump. But he was a Scot, and having heard that hard-hit stockbrokers in Glasgow were now earning fine commissions by becoming receivers of gold sovereigns and trinkets, he could not fail to view an appreciation in the pound sterling (in terms of gold) with profound disgust. The national rush to sell gold is, indeed, partly a matter of national pride, and partly the instinct of a nation of shopkeepers to sell nothing for something. If Frenchmen are so foolish as to think that a British paper pound is worth only 14s. 1½d. gold, there will not long be any gold left in Scotland. When the gold rush to the brokers has come to an end, I expect the dentists will be kept busy. The development of this new national industry of gold-mining is not nearly so important, of course, as the discovery of a new gold-field in India—in the shape of gold coins and the gold ornaments which have been hoarded by the Indian people for generations. The size of the Indian gold-field is estimated at £400 to £500 millions. This is guess-work but the fact is that since the beginning of the year gold has been shipped from India to London at the rate of £1½ millions a week. The entire output of the South African gold mines last year averaged only £882,000 a week.

* * *

I am not suggesting that gold is likely to be shipped from India to the extent of £400 or £500 millions. So far about £40 millions have arrived and to the extent that the indebtedness of India to Great Britain has been reduced, these shipments have involved a purchase of sterling. Thus, by the grace of the Indian gold movement, concurrent with the repatriation of British capital, the pound sterling has been able to remain stable in the face of (a) French withdrawals of sterling balances, (b) purchases of foreign exchange by the Treasury to meet the £80 millions of credits due for repayment in August, and (c) an adverse balance on the international trading account of £2 millions a week. It is anticipated that (a) and (b) will have been provided for within a few weeks if the Indian gold flow and the repatriation of domestic capital continue at their present rate. As for (c) the January trade returns showed an excess of imports over total exports of nearly £26 millions or £6 millions a week. But on the estimates by the Board of Trade of our shipping, financial and investment income in the depressed year 1931, our invisible exports (unless they have dropped very sharply this year) amount to nearly £6 millions a week. It is, of course, dangerous to argue from a month's figures that the adverse balance of international payments has been corrected, but it may fairly be claimed that we are moving rapidly towards a restoration of our creditor position.

* * *

In his Halley Stewart lecture some weeks ago, Mr. Keynes laid it down as an indispensable preliminary to a world recovery that there should be a material strengthening of the creditor position of Great Britain, for he believed that we alone could be trusted to use the power of international initiative to the general advantage. " A point will come," he said, " when the current release of gold from India and from the mines will exceed the favourable balance of the gold countries. (He expected France's creditor position would be completely undermined before the end of 1932.) We shall then enter the cheap money phase. This is the point at which, on the precedent of previous slumps, we might hope for the beginning of recovery. The end of deflationary pressure will show itself in a firm tendency for the sterling exchange. We should use this strength to cheapen money and increase the volume of credit, to restart home activity and to lend abroad to the utmost of our powers." Well, Bank rate has been reduced to 5 per cent. but whether this indicates a change of monetary policy on the part of the Bank—a relaxation of deflation—or merely a personal conviction on the part of the Governor that he can secure his £80 millions of foreign exchange by August, we have no means of judging. As far as the Government is concerned, their solitary idea appears to be to maintain the purchasing power of the pound, which would involve—now that we have our tariffs—a stiffer dose of deflation. And whether the world's troubles can be cured by the orthodox monetary methods, depicted by Mr. Keynes, seems to me extremely doubtful. The orthodox way is long and narrow, and Mr. Keynes himself is not sure that it will be traversed before general default or worse overtakes the debtor countries. The unorthodox way is to announce the abandonment of the gold standard for ever, and to develop trade with the " sterling bloc " by the expedient of sterling exchange credits. We have the power of international initiative to-day if the Government had the sense and courage to seize it.

* * *

This argument should not be completed without saying that the gilt-edged market has already jumped to the conclusion that the period of cheap money has begun and that Bank rate is going down to 3½ per cent. Many investors, arguing that there is a greater potential fall in the dollar than in the pound sterling, are bringing their dollar balances home. This may be a sound argument, but they should not forget that the Indian gold movement will not go on indefinitely. If sterling or the rupee advanced too far, the flow would stop. There is no evidence of a big flight of capital from India ; the gold is coming from the small holders. Moreover, as soon as the Government of India has liquidated its sterling indebtedness, the pound will not receive support from the Indian gold movement. Granted that the trade balance is moving to-day in the right direction, it will certainly not do so if our exporters lose the benefit of an export subsidy by way of a depreciated exchange. However, the prospect of cheap money, as well as 6d. off the Income Tax, has caused the following all-round improvement in British funds :—

	Price Feb. 10.	Price Feb. 24.	Yield %. Flat.	Redn.
			£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Consolidated Loan 4%	84½	87⅞	4 11 9	—
Conversion Loan 3½%	75½	78½	4 10 6	—
Conversion Loan 4½%, 1940/44 ..	95⅜	98⅞	4 11 5	4 13 0
Funding Loan 4%, 1960/90 ..	86½	90½	4 9 6	4 10 6
Victory Bonds 4% by 1976 ..	93½	94xd	4 5 0	4 6 0
War Loan 5%, 1929/47	98½	100	5 1 0	5 2 0

There is now talk of the coming conversion of 5 per cent. War Loan. It will be recalled that Mr. Snowden had two opportunities, which he missed, of launching a scheme for the conversion of 5 per cent. War Loan on to a 4 per cent. basis. If the enthusiasm of the gilt-edged market is carried much farther, Mr. Chamberlain will no doubt be able to do what Mr. Snowden left undone. But what really ought to be done is a voluntary conversion of the whole of the National Debt on to a lower interest basis. If the National Government can inspire such enthusiasm as to make taxpayers rush to sacrifice their purchasing powers at the tax collectors' offices, and housewives " Buy British " irrespective of cost, surely it can induce the *rentier* classes to agree to take a smaller proportion of the national money income.

* * *

I rejoice to see that " Lex " of the *Financial News* is supporting the case for the abolition or revision of the Trustee Acts. The worst of all its anomalies is that a Government can default without losing its trustee status, for the law is concerned with putting the names of Colonial Governments on to the trustee list but not with taking them off. The Colonial Stock Act of 1900 was designed to make London borrowing cheap for the Dominions and Colonies. It succeeded too well. If it is important, as it surely is, for the Government to direct the flow of national savings to home industries in the coming period of cheap money, it can do so by making the prior charges of electricity supply companies and of other public utilities eligible for the trustee list instead of Colonial Government stocks. And the test of eligibility should be earnings, not dividends. It is absurd that L. & N E. 4 per cent. debenture should now be ineligible in England when the interest on it has been earned with £5.4 millions to spare.

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IF we are to have Tariff Commissioners at all there is nothing much to be said against the three elderly gentlemen chosen by the Government. Sir George May, appointed, ironically enough, by Lord Snowden as Chairman of the Economy Committee which brought down the Labour Government, is now to be Chairman of the Committee responsible for administering the "National" Government's tariff remedy. It is a fitting revenge. For the Tariff Commission, judged by any of the foreign precedents, has an impossible task. If it is conscientiously to inquire into each industry which wants a more than 10 per cent. protection, it will be many months or even years before any conclusions can be reached. The material for inquiry is simply not available; years of research have not proved the iron and steel case. But the Commissioners may not find it possible to be too conscientious. They have to deal with a large range of subjects before the abnormal import duties expire in the summer.

* * *

In his fierce onslaught upon what he described as "the widest tariff in the world," Lord Snowden made one remark to which a great deal of attention has been called. He was not apparently embarrassed by the fact that he is himself, more than any other person, responsible for the introduction of this tariff. What worries him is Mr. Runciman's suggestion that the proceeds of the revenue tariff should go to the relief of the direct tax payer. Sir Herbert Samuel was worried over the same point. Lord Snowden went so far as to say quite correctly that to carry out the suggestion would be to make a breach of the conditions —"equality of sacrifice"—under which the Economy Act was passed last year. He even hinted that he and the other Free Trade members of the Cabinet—if one may still call them so—might resign on this subject. But why should they? They were to resign if a general tariff was introduced. They were to resign if food was to be taxed. They are now actually defending a Wheat Quota which is designed to raise the cost of bread. Can they really at this stage take a stand on the principle of not taxing the poor to relieve the well-to-do?

* * *

On Tuesday Mr. Chamberlain announced the abolition of all exchange restrictions. The Treasury has repaid thirty of the forty millions of American credit borrowed to keep us on the gold standard and more than half the credit given us by French bankers. Foreign money has suddenly begun to pour into England. We are suffering from a surfeit of "confidence", and business interests, which were terrified not many months ago that the pound might fall to nothing, are now scarcely less frightened lest foreign speculation should force it up to par. The banking and *rentier* interests will